



SATURDAY NIGHT

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Things in General

MR. WHITNEY has not surprised his political opponents in choosing his Cabinet colleagues, nor has he made a selection that can inspire his friends with much enthusiasm. The Cabinet has been formed on a policy dictated by rather cheap politics rather than by statesmanlike judgment which was desired, but scarcely expected. It seems clear that the large majority of the new Premier in the House has proven to be somewhat of a handicap in forming a Ministry. Everyone was looking for a job, consequently as many rival interests as possible had to be satisfied or at least pacified. Geography, religion and years of party service crowded ability into a position of secondary importance in influencing Mr. Whitney's choice. Toronto is represented in the Cabinet by two members, and Hamilton and London by one each. This makes the important cities solid. The other members are hand-picked from various parts of the province, wherever a member of the House has a large majority, representing some sensitive religious sect or has a long record of party service to his credit. Mr. Foy's appointment has been almost a certainty ever since the Conservative party was admitted to have a chance of obtaining power. The selection of Colonel Matheson, W. J. Hanna, and Dr. Willoughby was also expected. The real surprises, for a great many people at least, were the ignoring of Dr. Nesbitt and the appointment of Dr. Reaume. Of course those who have an intimate knowledge of the relations existing between Mr. Whitney and his more prominent supporters, have for long been aware that no love was extravagantly wasted between Dr. Nesbitt and his leader, but few believed that Dr. Nesbitt's ability and great services to the party would be ignored. Dr. Reaume's only claim to preferment is to be found in his religion—Roman Catholic—and in his nationality—French Canadian. Why these undoubted advantages should qualify him for the portfolio of Public Works does not appear, but those who remember the sudden and unusual paralysis of the vocal organs with which Mr. Whitney was stricken when the Sturgeon Falls Separate school graft was worked with the assistance of the Legislature last spring, will not consider Dr. Reaume's appointment any cause for surprise. Even with a majority of forty-two at his back, Mr. Whitney could not scrape together enough courage to risk offending the favored sect. With such a Premier, how can Ontario feel any assurance that the province will not continue to be bedevilled by the aggressions of the Hierarchy? Why should the fact that a man happens to be a Roman Catholic, an Anglican, a Methodist, a Presbyterian or a Mormon single him out for appointment to a place in a Government which is supposed to be a body of business men highly qualified to conduct the affairs of the province in a business-like manner. Yet religion evidently played an important part in Mr. Whitney's choice of colleagues. According to the *News*, the religious complexion of the Cabinet is well divided between Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians and Roman Catholics. Mr. Whitney should have worked in a Baptist or two, a Unitarian, a Jew and a Christian Scientist. In this way he could have made his policy consistent throughout and would have been sure to please everyone all along the line. What is needed in Queen's Park is not a collection of religious types, but a body of competent administrators selected on their merits and not because they happen to hold certain religious views. In spite of the careful hand-picking methods adopted by Mr. Whitney in choosing his Cabinet, and in spite of his public but unstatesmanlike avoidance of any cause for offence on the part of any sect, he seems to have succeeded in getting together a crowd that doesn't give much promise of brilliancy. It is hoped and predicted by Mr. Whitney's friends that he and his Cabinet will grow to proper dimensions under the weight of official responsibilities. Well, Premier and colleagues can all grow a good deal without becoming supernatural.

THE first session of the Senate Committee appointed to investigate existing conditions at Toronto University opens to-day (Saturday) at Osgoode Hall, and on the method of procedure adopted at this session depends the result of the whole investigation. If the investigation is not to be a real investigation, but a trial in which certain persons—who have put forth the claim that matters are not in a healthy condition at the University, and that certain professors misuse their powers to the advantage of certain students and the disadvantage of others—will be called upon to play the part of plaintiff, while the professors appear as defendants to deny the charges, no good purpose will be served by the whole painful uproar. In fact in case such a course is adopted, it is almost certain that harm will be done by giving the public the impression that everything has been examined and found all right. If, on the other hand, the members of the Committee regard the charges so far made public as merely incidents in a disorganized campaign of criticism, which has for long been growing more direct and formidable, and set themselves the task of locating the causes which could give reason for such dissatisfaction on the part of undergraduates, graduates and friends of the institution, there is every reason to hope that the atmosphere will be effectively cleared and the causes of the complaints be either removed or clearly shown not to exist. It is almost inconceivable that everything connected with the running of the University is perfect at a time when expressions of dissatisfaction come from so many quarters. It is impossible to believe that the criticisms are the result of any conspiracy against one or more officials when the critics are so widely separated by years, space and interests. An examination of these facts should make clear to the Committee the importance of avoiding the adoption of any course which would confine their investigations to any specific charges. In the notices of the meeting of the Committee which have been given to the public, all persons having knowledge which might be of use in the investigation are "requested" to come forward and declare themselves. To me this seems a particularly unpromising way to collect evidence. Many of those whose evidence would be of great importance would find it extremely inconvenient to come to Toronto and tell what they know. It would take an abnormal sense of duty to the University to prompt them to comply with such a request. Some of those whose evidence would prove invaluable practically owe their positions—their means of livelihood—to some of the persons who might suffer in case the investigation reveals conditions which are said to exist. But by far the greatest number of witnesses will be drawn from the student body. Is it fair to expect these young men and women to come forward voluntarily and give evidence against their professors, the gentlemen who mark their examination papers and, it is claimed, award certain scholarships sometimes according to their likes and dislikes? It would take a very heroic student, I think, to comply with the Committee's request under such circumstances. The professor, too, who would voluntarily step into the witness-box and give evidence which might prove damaging to his most intimate friends and colleagues, would have to possess personal courage and a sense of right not common since the days of the saints and martyrs. The task of the Committee is no doubt unpleasant, as the *Star* pointed out the other day, the members of the body being also Senators of the institution the mismanagement of which they are asked to reveal; but as three of the members are judges and one a lawyer who could be a judge any day he would say the word, it is safe to assume they are so used to unpleasant tasks that the present investigation will not seem extraordinary. The integrity of all is too well known to permit the slightest suspicion that their responsibilities will in any way be shirked. The only danger which seems to exist rests in the d-facts in the system of procuring evidence, which I have already pointed out, and in the possibility that

the members of the Committee, not being in touch with the students and graduates, are not familiar with the sentiment which prevails amongst them, while at the same time they are more or less in touch with the professional staff and consequently are not unlikely to underestimate the importance of the agitation which has finally led to their appointment. The only way in which the investigation can ever be made to result satisfactorily is to have it conducted on the broadest lines, to have the witnesses summoned to appear, to have the rival interests represented by competent counsel, and the evidence presented in regular and cohesive form. If it is conducted on the free-and-easy, happy-go-lucky plan which some of those interested in it have predicted in private conversation that I have had with them, little evidence of value will be presented, nothing will be discovered, the Committee will necessarily arrive at the decision that nothing is wrong—and there will be those who will call it a whitewash.

A MONTREAL priest says the Pope insists on having Separate schools in the new province or provinces about to be created in the North-West Territories. The Dominion of Canada must take notice that the Pope insists on having these schools in our country—so what are we going to do about it? This is the natural result of crawling to the Hierarchy whenever it has made a demand. The Roman Church has become so used to getting anything it asked for that he actually has a right to dictate to a Canadian Government. It isn't a pleasant thing to have to admit that impertinent dictation of this kind goes down with us, but it is an unfortunate fact that seldom in the history of this country has a demand of the Hierarchy been refused. If signs are of any value, it seems clear this latest demand will also be granted. The Government organs all over the country are cautiously working the people up to the point where they will

the standard of education such as to justify their receiving Government support to the disadvantage of Public schools. The Separate school, wherever it exists, is essentially a church school—primarily a religious institution and secondarily an educational institution. By what "right," then, does it receive Government support? By no right whatever, but by a consistent and persistent system of bullying legislative bodies into discriminating unfairly in favor of one religion at the expense of all others. The special privileges granted to the Roman Catholic Church at various times in the history of this country are to be regarded as so many bribes to secure the good will of this religious-political organization in elections. There isn't an advocate of Separate schools who can put forward any good reason why if the Roman Church is to receive Government support, other churches should be denied the same favors. It is persistent and organized aggression which has obtained for the Hierarchy the "rights" which they now enjoy at the expense of the whole country—and these "rights" by no means satisfy them. They are not contented with what they have in Ontario. Is it reasonable to suppose they will be satisfied with existing conditions in the North-West, where they have considerably less than they have here? When the North-West autonomy bill comes up in the House the mouthpieces of the Hierarchy may confidently be expected to put up a tremendous howl for almost unlimited privileges, and then with seeming reluctance consent to accept the re-enactment of the present provisions. Such tactics should deceive no one; all this common talk about the "rights" of the minority should be treated with ridicule; all the gloomy predictions about the direful consequences of interfering with domestic affairs and breaking up a happy home is unworthy of a moment's consideration. These are all old campaign devices and cries which the political element running the Roman Catholic Church has employed for generations. One thing only should be borne clearly in mind by the people, who must

a popular feeling throughout the country that the legislative business of the Province should be disposed of in a three months' session annually. Mr. St. John, with a field like the Crown Lands to wander in, would not get out of the woods until spring opened up and he came down with the drives of the log-rollers of the undeveloped parts of this great province. Mr. St. John would have enjoyed his oratorical wanderings, but Mr. Whitney has assured the people that he has a progressive policy, and he couldn't afford to have the attention of that part of the world interested in provincial affairs directed to a stalwart figure surrounded by pyramids of blue books standing picturesquely day after day and night after night perched on oratorical peaks of the Laurentian Range. The business of the province had to go on, and Mr. St. John will be made Speaker. And still Hon. Mr. Whitney is accused of not having a sense of humor.

THE *Globe* accuses the *Mail* and *Empire* of continuing to harp on the Napanee liquor case, and takes advantage of the subject being resurrected to do a little harping of its own. In attempting to justify the conduct of the magistrate in the case, who insisted on hearing the full particulars after the accused had admitted the charge, the *Globe* asserts that "what occurred at Napanee was a regular and usual proceeding." The proceeding was most unusual, as everyone knows. It seems clear that the course followed by the magistrate was calculated to bring to light facts which, it was hoped, would prove damaging to the Conservative leader in the then approaching elections. If this was not the case, the magistrate's conduct was at least unfortunate, being so readily attributed to partisan feeling.

LAST Saturday night a commercial traveler committed suicide in his room at a Toronto hotel because he had been made despondent by the threatening predictions contained in letters from a firm of Chicago fakirs who professed to read his fate in the stars. This firm has been advertising in various Toronto newspapers, which publish this form of advertising because it pays—although the managers and editors of the "respectable" dailies are aware that the advertisers are a set of swindlers—and doubtless a very great number of people have been done out of sums of money running from one dollar up to twenty-five dollars or even more. Fortune-telling is generally believed to be an offence against the law, and every little while some miserable woman is haled before a magistrate and subjected to a fine for undertaking to solve mysteries which are beyond human powers of solution—yet representative and pretentiously moral papers in Toronto give publicity to fraudulent undertakings, proposed by gangs of Yankee fakirs, to do the same things that our own people are fined or sent to jail for attempting to do. The plan on which the Chicago people—who are morally responsible for the death of this man—work is this: Through their advertisements in the daily press they undertake to cast your horoscope free, provided you will send ten cents to cover postal charges. On receipt of a victim's letter a document half-covered with the signs of the zodiac and containing mysterious, vague, but usually threatening predictions, is sent out, accompanied by a letter containing a promise that the firm will send a really reliable set of predictions, covering the entire past and future, provided the victim will send them twenty-five dollars for a course of medical treatment for some dangerous disease from which he is assured he is suffering. If the twenty-five is not forthcoming another letter is sent, and another, and another, each letter containing an offer to accept less for the medical outfit and set of predictions than that which was asked in the preceding one. The letters contain threats of all sorts of physical and mental afflictions which will assuredly overtake one if the medicines referred to are not ordered. It is not difficult to imagine the effect scare communications of this nature would have on the mind of a sickly or nervous person—such a man as committed suicide last week. Unfortunately there is no way of suppressing a foreign firm of swindlers, but Canadian papers which publish the advertisements of such people should be held responsible for making themselves parties to fraud. The same may be said of the sensational advertisements of quack "doctors" which appear daily in our newspapers. Great numbers of the credulous part of our population are constantly being not only robbed, but poisoned, by the quack "remedies" which are poured into the country—with the assistance of the daily press—from almost every part of the United States. In the last Dominion Parliament there was talk of a law to control the worst forms of such advertising—but the business goes merrily on, our local editors marching hand in hand with monumental quacks. Meanwhile the Lord's Day Alliance chases Sunday street cars, denounces the immorality of Sunday sales of postage-stamps and soda water, and the W.C.T.U. and the Reform Association stab cigarette butts savagely with their walking-sticks and parasols and carefully cut pistols out of theatrical posters!

A REPORT that Lord Rothschild is negotiating with the Canadian immigration authorities with the object of establishing a great Jewish colony in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, was cabled from London the other day. This is just the kind of scheme that the Dominion Government should promptly refuse to consider. The objection to the plan does not depend on the nationality of the proposed immigrants, but the idea of a colony made up of any one race settled in our midst is directly opposed to all our hopes of some day making a great and united nation of this Dominion. If unobjectionable Scotch, Irish, English, French, Jews or people of other nationalities desire to come to Canada, they will find themselves welcome, but under no circumstances should they be encouraged to form little nations within a nation. This is a matter on which the Dominion Government should take a firm stand. Already the West is becoming cut up into half a hundred "Little Russias," "Little Polands," "Little Swedens," "Little Austrias," and the Lord only knows what. Unless the country is to be carved into another Europe the policy which encourages such a condition must be abandoned and a really national policy adopted in its place.

THE Municipal Reform Association had a meeting one day last week, and if the published reports of their proceedings are correct the members succeeded in wasting a good deal of time which doesn't seem to be very valuable, and obtained a little publicity—which seems to be desired. The subjects discussed no doubt interested the members very deeply, for concerning most of them they know little or nothing. The good old cigarette came in for its usual round of abuse and threatened extermination, but the drama gave it a close run for first place in the discussion. Rev. Dr. Speer came modestly to the front as an expert on both the coffin-nail and the theater. It seems that some cigarette dealer had succeeded in getting hold of Dr. Speer at some time before the meeting and filling him up with some story about the cigarette habit fastening itself on not only the boys of the city, but on the girls as well. That set the meeting going and the inevitable result was a committee to "look into the best way of dealing with the problem." For the last twenty or thirty years the cigarette habit has been getting hold of the boys and girls of the city. Doesn't it seem a little strange that the present generation of young men and women should be such a sturdy looking lot, in view of the fact that they have been cigarette "victims" for so long a time? As a matter of fact, what do the gentlemen of this association know concerning cigarettes, anyway? They have probably heard the W.C.T.U. pronounce them "injurious," "pernicious," "disgusting," "naughty," and some other things that don't make them sound appetizing, and have jumped to the conclusion that the W.C.T.U. knew what it was talking about—which seems to be taking a good deal on faith. It is very likely



A PASSING EVENT.
Exit Ross—Enter Whitney.

be asked to swallow the North-West Separate school legislation about to come before the Dominion House, without losing their tempers and kicking things to pieces. The *Globe* has published a series of letters setting forth the history of Separate schools in the North-West Territories, and even the type in which parts of the text favorable to Separate schools are printed is calculated to emphasize these features much more strongly than the writer evidently intended. In this way the facts of history are carefully colored to help build up the case of the separatists. The letters are highly interesting, and if read with a knowledge of the existence of the false color given them in editing, will furnish anyone with a fairly comprehensive idea of the attitude of the people of the Territories in relation to Separate schools and of the tactics of the Hierarchy in persistently fighting educational reforms and striving to grasp more power. From 1875, when Separate schools were provided for by the North-West Territories Act, until the present day, the story of education in the North-West is largely the story of jealousy and bitterness and strife. In the Territories, however, the people seem to be blessed with a greater supply of back-bone than we have in Ontario, for gradually the real interests of the people have in some measure triumphed over the intriguing of priests and bishops until to-day they have in the West Separate schools in which the rulers of the Church have the minimum of authority consistent with the existence of such institutions. But it must be remembered that the schools are Separate schools, though the *Globe* and other Government organs try to make it appear that they differ from the Public schools in name only. The course of instruction, the text-books, and regulations are said to be the same in Separate and Public schools. This is not the case. It is only in the higher forms that the instruction is nearly uniform; in the Separate school lower forms it is practically the same as that which we have in the Separate schools of Ontario, where the catechism is held to be more important than arithmetic and the heroic deeds of the Jesuits monopolize history.

If in the legislation creating new provinces in the North-West, the existing regulation providing for Separate schools be not re-enacted, we are told that it will be an unwarranted interference with the "rights" of the Catholic minority. We are also assured that the present regulations are such as insure a satisfactory form of education and harmonious relations amongst the people of the Territories, and we are asked why the Dominion Government should interfere and produce friction and sectarian strife. I have been repeatedly assured by principals of High schools and other gentlemen occupying positions which give them a right to speak authoritatively on the subject, that in no Roman Catholic Separate school is

hold their parliamentary representatives responsible for the stand they take on this great question when the bill comes before the House, and that is: There is no State church in this country. Technically all religious bodies are on an equal footing. If one church is given special privileges at the expense of the others, the representatives of the people in Parliament are guilty of an improper use of their authority and of an offence against the spirit of our constitution, which is supposed to guarantee that the affairs of Canada shall be conducted according to democratic principles. In reality, we are running far off democratic lines. To be born in the Roman Church is to be born with special privileges—although those special privileges are not desired by the Roman Catholic people, but are forced upon them by their clerical rulers. The Roman Church itself is not regarded as a State institution, but the annex to it—the Separate school—is recognized as such and enjoys the same privileges as the regular Government establishments. In this autonomy legislation it is to be found the opportunity to settle this great question of the relations of Church and State for all time. As Mr. Goldwin Smith says in the current issue of the *Weekly Sun*, "Let anyone who is up to the mark move a resolution that, saving denominational rights specially reserved by the British North America Act, the entire separation of the Church from the State, and the perfect equality of all religious denominations before the law, are fundamental principles of this commonwealth. Such a resolution, if it could be carried, would morally settle Separate school questions for the future. The principle was virtually affirmed in the secularization of the Clergy Reserves. But it was not distinctly embodied in our constitution. Anyone who could now succeed in placing it beyond dispute would render the commonwealth a service not likely to be forgotten."

MR. J. W. ST. JOHN, M.P.P. for West York, is named as the Speaker of the new Ontario Legislature. Mr. Whitney is displaying the wisdom of the serpent. With the contradictoriness that the English language sometimes displays in nomenclature through the changes of time, the Speaker of a British Parliament is the one of all its members who can constitutionally do the least speaking. And Mr. St. John had to be given a position that showed appreciation of his undoubted hard work on behalf of his party, and also an appreciation of his voice. But imagine Mr. St. John with the Department of Crown Lands and complaints against prolonged sessions becoming more and more acute year by year. Conceivably the licensed authority that Mr. St. John, with the Department of Crown Lands, would have to wander oratorically through the wild woods of New Ontario, its limits not being even marked by the surveyor and the engineer, and

that cigarette smoking by children is not good for the health, but neither is pipe smoking, cigar smoking, whisky drinking, and some other pastimes in which mature people may indulge in moderation with impunity. If people are unable to control their children, it is unfortunate—and perhaps the Reform Association might find useful employment in instructing these weak parents in the art of properly raising children—but to say that laws should be passed prohibiting the manufacture or use by anyone of the things which may prove unsuitable for unmanly youngsters who defy their parents is too absurd to need argument.

But the views of the Association on the use of cigarettes are no less sane than those which Dr. Speer has been expressing concerning the drama. It is true that many thoroughly immoral plays visit Toronto, but they are not the plays which Dr. Speer referred to in his criticisms. If it is true, as he is reported to have claimed in a recent address, that he has made a study of the drama, I should advise him to confine his efforts to theology or to some other subject not associated with art. Last Sunday night, according to a report in the daily press, he said the theater was the child of heathenism, born in Greece five hundred years before Christ, and it had the heathen tone in the blood from then till now. How about all other forms of art? Greece seems to have had something to do with most things which we now regard as the flowers of civilization and culture—and our greatest ambition is to get back to the high standard attained by Greece. If the theater is to be denounced because it flourished in "heathen" Greece, literature, philosophy, sculpture, painting and other mediums through which the greatest intellects have revealed themselves should come in for their share of the roast. Of course Dr. Speer should not be taken seriously when he undertakes to talk authoritatively on subjects of which he obviously knows nothing, but his remarks have an interest because they are so characteristic of the manner in which a great many self-appointed censors attempt to shove their crude ideas down other people's throats. Sir Henry Irving, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Réjane and Ibsen all came in for denunciation—yet the people who are really disgracing the stage seem to have escaped. It is the greatest who are criticized. Sir Henry Irving is informed that he is "living in that fool's paradise." Mrs. Campbell is mourned over because she has "so fallen as to hitch her horse to a swill cart," but the climax has been reached by Madame Réjane. Referring to the Réjane engagement, this advocate of moral reform is reported to have spoken of "women going there, weeping into scented handkerchiefs, with their mother-of-pearl-handled opera glasses, dropping their tender tears over the misfortunes of some street drab." Whatever one's opinion of Madame Réjane's plays may be, it is safe to say there is nothing in any of them more thoroughly immoral than that fragment of a sentence. As an offence against good English it is almost criminal, and in its sneer at a woman's honest

tears over the misfortunes of an unhappy sister it smacks of the Pharisee and is heartlessly cruel. One must enjoy a particularly happy state of mind to be able to sneer contemptuously at a fallen woman and to ridicule those who weep over her. One can but envy Dr. Speer his superior state of isolation. As for the theater, it has nothing to fear so long as nothing more serious than this sort of criticism threatens it. If the work of the Reform Association is to be no more intelligently directed in other lines than it is in regard to cigarettes and the drama, there is little of benefit to the city to be expected from it.

CANADIANS are constantly being warned—and very few of them seem to need such warning—that the question of tariff reform in Great Britain is purely a domestic matter for the people of the Mother Country to settle for themselves. While this is in many respects true, inasmuch as the question more directly affects the welfare of Great Britain than it does the welfare of the colonies, there is no doubt that we have a considerable interest in the fate which awaits Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. But in view of the greater importance the whole tariff question has for the Mother Country, we have been content to play a passive part and let the people of Great Britain settle the thing in the way which they think will best please them. Even papers holding strong views on Imperialism have refrained from giving the British politicians unsolicited advice and also from making any unpleasant predictions as to the fate of the Empire should the interests of Canada not be properly protected. We have never had much of a reputation for good form or taste, and perhaps we haven't exactly cornered the market in these particular qualities, but so far as I know we have never been accused of looking a gift horse in the mouth too closely or of demanding that the giver furnish the beast with a new set of false teeth in case its chewing apparatus isn't perfect. England, on the other hand, is supposed to have quite a little corner in refinement and all the proprieties. An Englishman is expected to know what's what, and frequently he doesn't hesitate to let others absorb a little of his knowledge from him—provided credit is duly given. Lately, however, he seems to be developing a manner that might be called provincial. Perhaps we should take it as a compliment, for he may be trying to imitate what he considers colonial manners. But, viewed from this side of the Atlantic, they don't seem very becoming. Take the recent remarks of the English press on the Canadian preference to Great Britain as an example. Perhaps the preference isn't much good; perhaps it hasn't stimulated British trade with Canada; perhaps it isn't nearly so much as we should do for the old land—but in any case it's a gift, and it doesn't make Canadians feel any more liberal to be told by the recipient that the thing is of little or no value whatever. And this is exactly what many responsible English papers are telling us almost daily. Add to these criticisms of what we thought was at least a mark of our esteem the English attitude in relation to the indefensible embargo against our cattle, and grave doubts will arise as to whether England has such a monopoly in good taste as has for so long been supposed.

THE Ottawa City Council has passed a resolution in favor of handing over the government of the city to a Commission. Ottawa is bound to deserve the title of the Washington of the North. The experiment under Canadian conditions will be watched with interest if the resolution is carried into effect. The resolution, however, may not necessarily be evidence that Ottawa is more progressive in municipal reform than other Canadian cities, or has seized with reforming zeal upon a solution of the problem of municipal government that is warring the cities of this continent. Ottawa, the seat of much government, will be ready for an absolute monarchy as time rolls on. The people are getting moulded that way. What was the phrase that the late Hon. Thomas White used in reply to the appeals and complaints of the people of the North-West, when the Territories were departmentally governed from Ottawa? "Spoon-fed." Wasn't it? Municipal government is a bother, anyway. It is difficult enough trying to elect Government supporters in the Dominion and Provincial elections—and even then mistakes are made. Why have municipal elections to increase the worry?

AT a meeting of the Board of Education the other evening Trustee Parkinson horrified the members of the Board by informing them that twenty-five per cent. of the school children appropriated to their own use the coppers their parents give them for collections which are taken up in the schools for charitable purposes. What a heinous offence! But why should the schools be used for the purposes of raising funds even for worthy objects? If this practice is to be continued, there is no telling where it will end. Collections taken up in public institutions always have an atmosphere of blackmail surrounding them. If one person gives something they all feel that they should contribute, whether they can afford to do so, are inclined to do so, or not. If the schools are supposed to be free schools, they should be entirely free—and permitting this collection business to be worked in as a regular thing is not in the public interests. The publicity given to the custom by Trustee Parkinson's weird moral complaint should bring about its discontinuance.

THIS isn't the mosquito season in Canada, but the announcement of a scientific society that there are sixty-seven kinds of mosquitoes in the Island of Ceylon is of anticipatory interest. We have several kinds that are lurking somewhere, waiting for the reviving days of summer to assert themselves. They will arrive on time. The domestic or Canadian mosquito has never been classified. We generally crush him in his infancy and after death he is not a fit subject for classification. All mosquitoes buzz the same to the majority of us, although some experts note the difference between the clarion tones of the Muskoka variety and the voice of the more decorous kind indigenous to Balm Beach. When the life-giving sun of August sheds its effulgent rays and towards evening's gentle fall the Canadian mosquito makes the widespread Dominion from ocean to ocean, one sad, sweet song, we are prepared to say that there are at least 1,067 varieties. Ceylon may grow better tea and coffee than we have succeeded in producing, but we can beat that Indian island in wheat and mosquitoes. Only sixty-seven varieties, forsooth! But the same investigating scientific society says it has also discovered 424 different kinds of malarial fever in Ceylon. That seems like an attempt to corner the fever market. We manage to get along nicely with four or five of the common variety such as good old typhoid. We cannot expect to beat the world in everything, productive though our country may be. But I will back a Rocky Mountain "bull-dog" or a middle-weight Muskoka "skeeter" against any two of the sixty-seven classes in Ceylon for voice, industry, and clean-cut execution.

A PARTY of five Torontonians, at the end of a long walk, asked at 7:30 last Sunday evening to be given supper at Nurse's Hotel at the Humber, for which they were ready and willing to pay. This was refused by the management—insolently, so the five say. According to the law governing such cases, the hotel management should provide food unless for some valid reason. The question, from a legal standpoint, would turn upon the judicial construction of the phrase "some valid reason." Whether it was a valid reason or not that the hour was 7:30 in the evening, is for a court to decide in an action at law.

An action is said to be about to be entered against the hotel people, and the result will be a matter of interest. Politeness or consideration is a difficult point to be judicially decided upon.

BRIDGE whist is meeting with a very serious rival in the "prayer circles" organized by society women in the West End of London, who are assisting the Torrey-Alexander mission. Messrs. Torrey and Alexander are United States evangelists who are seeking to convert fashionable England, and the cable informs us that at sewing meetings and afternoon teas, in the public halls and private houses of the West End, these "prayer circles" are in formation. It is always surprising to a Canadian how it is that fashionable London delights in lionizing in some delirious manner some product of the United States, whether it is Buffalo Bill or an "American" girl who does the cake-walk in a London drawing-room. Methods and manners that would be looked upon as impossible of toleration in the English-born are considered as original and clever in the "American." It becomes a fad. One of the reasons that associations of the kind are indulged in indiscriminately with "American" fakirs by some of the

aristocratic class of England is that the intimacy can be readily dropped when the fakir dies out, and fashionable England must have sensations. It would be different if the fakir were English-bred with English connections. With a religious upheaval spreading from Wales throughout the United Kingdom, it seems like sending coals to Newcastle to increase the religious fervor that seems to be burning throughout the old land. But the "prayer circles" have already netted Messrs. Torrey and Alexander £12,000. They ask for £17,000. The complaint of the Englishman against the "American" commercial invasion will extend, it may be expected, to the religious side of English life. Twelve thousand pounds in a few weeks would support a considerable number of impoverished vicars in rural England for a considerable length of time.

M. R. TYRRELL, the well-known engineer and explorer, has given his views on the possibilities of a feasible Hudson Bay route. A man of conservative trend of mind, Mr. Tyrrell, after careful study of the conditions for years and personal observation for several debatable months, delivers his dictum that it is a route available for several months, and would be of enormous advantage to the Canadian West; in fact, to the whole western half of the North American continent. The Hudson Bay route has been advocated for nearly a quarter of a century by both politician and explorer. Mr. Hugh Sutherland, one of the most successful and sanest inaugurators of business enterprises, and a financier whose value in the money markets of the world is recognized by men such as Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann, devoted several years of his life to promoting a scheme to bring about short water communication between Europe and the Canadian West. A considerable part of a railway was built. The scheme was endorsed by the Manitoba Government and heavily subsidized. The West was heartily in favor of it. Expeditions were sent by the Dominion Government to report on the conditions. The reports are favorable as far as the ordinary reader can judge. The North-West has developed amazingly. Now a gentleman of Mr. Tyrrell's standing assures us that the project is unquestionably feasible. What strikes the ordinary onlooker as to the Hudson Bay route is that in the face of these favorable and sometimes glowing reports, the law of the commercial world does not operate in this particular case. Why does capital not seek investment?

THE tragic death of W. R. Beatty, M.P.P. for Parry Sound for several years, in a fire in a boarding-house in Revelstoke, British Columbia, the other day, is one of those inexplicable things that bring us face to face with the fact that we know little of one another in our daily associations. Mr. Beatty, in the full vigor of manhood, accustomed as a surveyor, engineer and lumberman to strange and unexpected situations that called for the ceaseless exercise of presence of mind and resourcefulness in order to follow his calling and even to preserve life, was burned to death under circumstances which are successfully overcome by timid women and inexperienced children in the daily accounts of fires. From the telegraphed reports of the tragedy, Mr. Beatty, by the exercise of the ordinary judgment which he was accustomed to use throughout his life to avoid trivial discomfort, could have escaped from the fire uninjured. Despite special training, which seems specially fitted to meet certain contingencies, it is frequently the entirely untrained that meets them successfully. It was a brewer who successfully fought the chivalry of England to a finish and brought an encroaching king to the block. It was a ledger-keeping clerk who hurled France from India and founded the British Empire in the East on the ruins of the ancient kingdoms of Hindostan when the question of Indian supremacy arose in the full tide of Oriental war.

SIR GILBERT PARKER is mentioned as Lord Milner's successor as High Commissioner of the conquered South Africa states. It will be, as far as we are interested, gratifying to Canadians that one of their countrymen should be appointed to a position of such onerous trust and great dignity. Outside of Sir Gilbert Parker's acknowledged literary and social ability and his public spiritedness, it may be that in the suggested appointment there is a little of the appreciation of what in Great Britain is called "the colonial point of view." It would not be out of harmony with the propaganda of the new Imperialism or Chamberlainism. It is something that John Bull will admit that a "colonial" might possibly know more about "colonialism" than he does himself. The fact that Sir Gilbert Parker is not markedly representative of the spirit of the Empire beyond the Seas, is neither here nor there. He probably would not be given the appointment if he were. If Sir Gilbert is more English than an Englishman in many of his characteristics, as some of the distinguished writer's critics venture to think, he will, however, understand easier the spirit of an outlying part of the Empire than would the insular born and bred Englishman of the type usually chosen for such positions. If the appointment is made it is further indication of the change of thought in Downing Street regarding the "colonies."

At Home Days.

Mrs. Mortimer Clark, February 16.
Mrs. Harry Keighley, Miss Helen Keighley, 98 Madison ave., Miss Ferguson, 736 Shaw, 1 Friday.
Mrs. Harry Symons, 98 Madison ave., 4 Friday.
Mrs. Beverley Smith, 289 Annette, 1 and 3 Thursdays.
Mrs. Albert Blackman, 601 Euclid avenue, 1 Thursday.
Mrs. H. P. Woodroffe, 122 Kendal ave., 1 and last Fridays.
Mrs. W. A. Skirrow, 2 Monday and Thursday in March.
Mrs. A. W. Barnard, Rossin House, 2 and 4 Thursdays.
Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, 25 St. Vincent, Monday.
Mrs. W. J. McWhinney, 16 Crescent road, 1 and 2 Tuesdays.
Mrs. Alex. Cartwright, 11 Harbord, 1 Tuesday.
Mrs. Reynolds, 17 Elm avenue, 1 Monday.
Mrs. D. Worts Smart, 48 Chestnut Park road, Tuesday.
Mrs. George E. Bryant, 8 Maple ave., 1 Monday.
Mrs. Strickland, 126 Huntley, Monday.

A Word From Omar.

I sent my Soul back to the Earth to see
If by a Chance it still remember'd me;
Alas, I would that I had Stuck to Tents,
Nor writ one word of Cup, or Rose, or Key.

For Verse-smiths there are working Day and Night
On Parodies of what I did indite;
Ah, my Beloved, should Bahrām's Wild Ass
Get in Swift Kicks 'twould serve the rhymesters right!
H. C.

Alexander and Diogenes were having their justly celebrated colloquy. "Is there anything I can do for you?" said the weeping World Conqueror. "Nothing," said Diogenes. "I am the original exponent of the Simple Life." The assertion that he said "Yes, stand out of my light" was probably due to an error on the part of a monkish copyist during the Dark Ages.

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Handsome Materials for Afternoon, Evening and Dinner Gowns

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Gloves in all the Newest Shadings and Colorings.
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Paris Kid Glove Store
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Made in Canada

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14-16 FRONT ST. E.

St. Valentine's Day

Those stylish Violets, tied with pretty ribbons and nicely arranged in a hamper or Violet box, make a most acceptable present, nothing could be in better taste.

ROSES, LILY - OF - THE - VALLEY
and all other choice seasonal flowers. Send for price list. We guarantee delivery in good condition.

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have removed from 46 Richmond St.

to our new premises

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Opposite Government House.

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Branch Pleating Office

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(Brown's Fancy Goods Store)

where orders may be left and called for.

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Telephone (Main 3503, Main 3504.

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A room has been specially fitted up for the convenience of women, with special banking facilities. All women are invited to avail themselves of its privileges.
EDITH LAMBE, Manager Women's Department.

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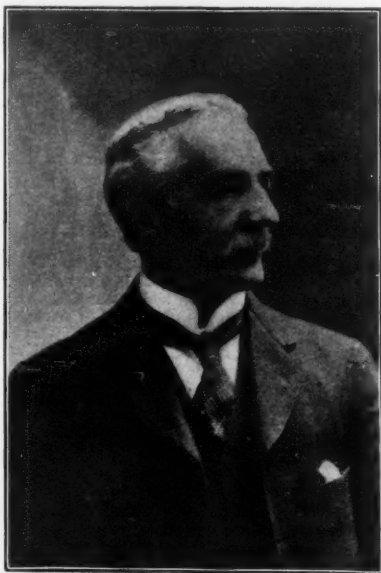
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108 King Street West



OLONEL HANBURY-WILLIAMS is in town, making arrangements for the viceregal visit next week. The party will arrive on Tuesday evening, and His Excellency will go for dinner to the Toronto Club, where the members will welcome him to Toronto. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark will be the hosts of the viceregal party during their visit, and will on the evening of Thursday, the 23rd, give a State dinner in honor of His Excellency and Lady Grey. On Friday afternoon a reception will be held at Government House from 4.30 to 6.30 and further arrangements are being made for civic and other affairs by Colonel Hanbury-Williams.

On Wednesday evening a very pretty dinner was given by Dr. Bruce at which the following guests were entertained: Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Pellatt, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Haydn Horsey, Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Miss Mortimer Clark, Miss Elsie Mortimer Clark, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Major Churchill Cockburn, V.C., and Dr. Harold Parsons. The table was prettily decorated with daffodils and the little feast much enjoyed.

The death of Mr. Robert Roderick Pringle on February 5 was a sorrowful surprise to his many friends, as his illness was very short and he was at his home in Cobourg registering his vote on the day of the elections. He returned to the Queen's, where he and his wife were spending the winter, and found himself in severe pain, but did not attribute it to heart trouble. When physicians announced that he was in a dangerous state of ill-health, his son, Mr. Clive Pringle of Ottawa, came and remained with his father until his death.



THE LATE R. R. PRINGLE.

accompanying the remains to Cobourg, with Mr. Aemilius Baldwin, brother-in-law of the deceased gentleman. Mr. Pringle's many endearing qualities have won him the friendship and respect of hosts of people, and these will miss his frequent visits and sojourns in Toronto. Inheriting from a near ancestor, who kept a fine racing stable in England, a taste for a consummate knowledge of horse-flesh, he was never missing from the members' lawn at the Spring and Fall meetings, where he had a happy greeting for all. Between him and his sister, Mrs. Aemilius Baldwin, the only one of three sisters residing here, there was the closest bond of affection, and she has the sympathy of everyone in her loss of so beloved a brother. To Mrs. Pringle and Mr. Clive Pringle, only child of the deceased, friends are offering kind sympathy in their bereavement, and feeling deep regret at the loss of so estimable and true a man as the late Robert Roderick Pringle.

Mrs. Keefer in Walmer road, Mrs. Hay in Rosedale, and Mrs. George Gooderham in Jarvis street, were hostesses of Wednesday teas.

Mr. and Miss Langmuir entertained at dinner on Thursday evening. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark were the guests of honor. Mrs. Mortimer Clark had been house-bound for ten days with a severe cold, but was well enough on Thursday to venture out.

Practices for the cotillion at the Paper ball are going on at Government House, where Mrs. Mortimer Clark has kindly placed the ball-room at the disposal of Mrs. Arthur and the dancers. A rehearsal, with music, will be held on Monday evening there, to perfect the dancers in the various figures.

Miss Blaikie gave a tiny tea on Wednesday for her guest, Miss Byrne of Ottawa.

Mrs. E. H. Duggan has gone to Montreal for a visit of some weeks.

Mrs. B. B. Cronyn gave a tea yesterday, a housewarming for her new home in Roncesvalles avenue.

Mrs. Gourlay and Mrs. Breckenridge gave a tea on Thursday at 514 Jarvis street, for the bride of last month, Mrs. David Gourlay. Mrs. George Watson of 161 Jameson avenue also gave a tea on Thursday. Mrs. Mulock gave a charming bridge and tea after, on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. K. P. Mabey, K.C., and Mrs. Mabey, are at the King Edward for the winter.

After a lengthy absence, Mr. and Mrs. Blewett have returned to town, and are settled in their new home, 492 Markham street. Mrs. Blewett will receive next Thursday.

A very interesting exhibition of work by members of the Woman's Art Association, with a loan exhibition of old lace, will open on the 18th and continue for ten days. This will take in the period of the viceregal visit, and the members will give a reception to the Countess Grey, who is Honorary President of the Association.

Mrs. Gooderham of Deanecroft, Rosedale, will be the hostess at tea of the members of the Driving Club this afternoon should the weather permit of the usual meet.

Mrs. Charles Ross, 83 Madison avenue, is giving a tea next Friday afternoon.

On Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Doolittle gave a drive of five or six tables, followed by a pleasant tea. Mrs. Howard Chandler was the prize-winner. Mrs. McGay poured tea and the company enjoyed the afternoon very much. On the same day a good many teas were in progress, Mrs. Jack Murray giving a very smart one with a nice, Miss Murray of Parkdale, as debutante, receiving with her. A pretty galaxy of girls waited on the tea-table, which was done with lily of the valley and violets. The waitresses were not-out, and Mrs. Murray gave them a very jolly dance on the same evening. By the way, I believe the not-out boys and girls are to have a "set" at the Paper ball next Tuesday, as the Daughters of the Empire have a girls' branch of very juvenile members who are most devoted members. Mrs. Murray wore a beautiful white lace gown and the debutante was in white

silk and lace. Among the guests was a charming little South American from Brazil, and a very smartly gowned Ottawa, Mrs. Eyre, in bright red with white lace. Mrs. Charles Murray was a handsome assistant at this tea, her bright presence being here, there and everywhere. Mrs. Acland, who recently returned from England, came with her sister, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, and Miss Wornum brought her lovely young cousin from Montreal, Miss Elsie Willmore. Space does not permit of a list of the hundreds of ladies at this tea. Mrs. Gouinlock (née Furlong), niece of Mrs. Murray, looked very graceful and girlish in a white lace gown and hat.

Mrs. Wallbridge, who has suffered from a severe attack of illness, is now better. Many enquiries have been made for her and friends are pleased to hear of her recovery.

Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt is not going to Ottawa on the date announced elsewhere. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Nesbitt have had an ideal holiday on a houseboat in the South, coasting Florida and spending some time at favored resorts. Plenty of fishing and every luxury were the accompaniments of their trip, their host being a man with both means and will to do things en prince for his northern guests.

Tickets for the St. Valentine's ball, to be given in the King Edward by the Daughters of the Empire on Tuesday, may be had at 212 Manning Chambers, or from members of the executive.

Those interested will not forget the dance in aid of the Children's Shelter next Tuesday night in the ball-room of the Temple Building.

A nice little theater party was on at Shea's on Wednesday evening for Miss Elsie Willmore of Montreal, and Mr. Charles A. Boone of the Manchester Regiment, popular visitors in town. The party occupied two boxes, and after the theater went to McConkey's for supper. Another sojourner in Toronto, Mr. Chrysler of Ottawa, who is taking a course at Stanley Barracks, was of the little coterie.

Snowshoeing devotees have been tramping to the out-of-town club-houses and tramping thence into the country, this week. A jolly little party of six went out to the Hunt Club on Wednesday and were much admired en route, the three pretty girls in jerseys and toques looking lovely daughters of Canada.

A dinner was given at the Hunt Club on Tuesday evening for Baron O'Hagan and his mother and sister.

I hear that a sensation was caused in certain quiet circles by the matter-of-course procedure of a distinguished lady guest who took out her cigarette case after luncheon and had her usual smoke. Several of our smartest women are now habitual cigarette smokers, but it was not in their company that the sensation was launched. Several physicians recommend a smoke after meals to their fair nervous patients, though many, like the writer, don't do as the doctor says.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee is in Buffalo for a short visit, accompanied by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alfred Lee.

The sudden death of Mrs. B. M. Britton last Thursday afternoon, who was taken ill while on her way to a small afternoon tea at the Conservatory of Music, was a terrible blow to her family. Miss Norton Taylor had met Mrs. Britton by appointment and walked down through University Park with her, when she suddenly complained of illness, and being taken home by a friend, expired a few moments afterwards. During her short residence in Toronto, Mrs. Britton has made friends of many, to whom her kindly heart and sterling worth appealed. Mr. Justice Britton was summoned from Kingston, and returned at once with his daughter, Mrs. Brook. Another daughter, Mrs. Charlie Moss, was fortunately in town.

The lecture of 'Varsity Saturday afternoon course, the meet of the Driving Club in the Queen's Park, the very excellent programme at the Strolling Players', and half a dozen smaller engagements, kept people very much distracted who wanted to go to everything and found it impossible. There was a very good turnout at the Drive, the participants afterwards taking tea at Chudleigh with a few others. The Master drove Mrs. John Cawthra, and the usual turnout of smart equipages and some equestrians swept in a grand line after his lead. It was a very sharp but most invigorating day, and the drive was thoroughly enjoyed.

The patronesses who have kindly consented to act at the annual At Home of University College Literary Society on Thursday evening, February 16, are: Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. London, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mrs. Hutton, Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Meredith, Mrs. Moss, Mrs. Byron E. Walker, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Fasken and Miss Salter. The chairman of the committee in charge of the dance, which will be held in the University gymnasium, is Mr. J. C. Sherry, and Mr. W. P. Barclay is secretary.

The first reception given by the Principal of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Mr. Gregory and Mrs. Gregory, who smilingly calls herself the housemother, took place last Friday, February 3, and was a most successful and enjoyable affair. About two hundred and fifty guests were at the reception, and from many who were unavoidably absent came hearty good wishes and expressions of regret at their inability to speak instead of write them. The reception was given as a personal invitation to personal friends, and prominent educationists to see the improvements recently made in the college, and everyone voiced great pleasure and approval of the changes which have resulted most happily. The evening was a sort of housewarming for them. The new college colors are dark and light blue and white and were used by an expert to decorate the parlors and dining-room. There was a short programme provided by excellent talent, and refreshments were daintily served. The rooms were further beautified by many fine palms, which are a fixture in the handsome salons. The unaffected cordiality and spontaneity of Mrs. and Mr. Gregory charm all their guests and the most hearty good wishes of all are expressed for the continued success of the college.

Yesterday and to-day Mr. and Mrs. George A. Reid were at home at their fine studio and residence in Indian road, and invited guests had an opportunity to view some of their recent work intended for the spring exhibitions. To those who know the charm and harmony of the place it is needless to describe Mr. and Mrs. Reid's home. Master, mistress, work and surroundings are all in sweet accord, and visitors enjoy them each and all greatly.

Another artist who is working at what will be a much-remarked picture is Mr. Curtis Williamson, whose studio in Toronto street is so charming a place. Mr. Williamson has a study of Dutch peasant life which is adorably realistic, and so much more than "pretty" that I foresee a great deal of interest in it.

Mr. J. M. Alexander, the Laird of Bon Accord, is home from a visit to the Welland, where he found much benefit from the excellent baths.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Allan Case and Miss Case have been for some weeks settled at the King Edward.

Toronto Automobile Show.



In order that the Toronto citizens generally may have the privilege of seeing what is new in the motor world, the Canada Cycle and Motor Company have decided to hold an Automobile Show in their large Garage and display-rooms, corner of Bay and Temperance streets, February 27 to March 4. The American manufacturers generally have cheerfully consented to assist the enterprise, and many of the best cars exhibited at the New York and Chicago shows will be on view. Packard, Peerless, Thomas, Pope Toledo, Ford, Ivanhoe, Waverley, Auto-Car, Stevens-Duryea and Pope-Tribune are a few of the automobiles to be displayed.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Notice is hereby given that the Committee of the Senate appointed to enquire into certain charges reflecting upon the conduct of the President and Professor McLennan, acting as such Committee and also as Commissioners appointed by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor for the like purpose, will meet at Osgoode Hall on Saturday the 11th instant, at 11 a. m., at which time and place all persons desiring to be heard will have an opportunity of giving evidence in relation to the matters referred to.

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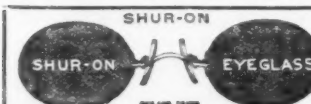
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The Lady O'Hagan, widow of the first Baron O'Hagan of Ireland, and her son, the present Baron, and daughter, Hon. Mary Caroline O'Hagan, have been spending some time at the King Edward and have been entertained in various directions during their visit. The party have been spending a couple of months in Jamaica. The young people have met a good many of our young set and are both very charming and in their early twenties. His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark gave a dinner on Saturday evening, at which the guests of honor were Baron O'Hagan, his mother, and sister. The family seat of Baron O'Hagan is Towneley, Burnley, Lancashire.

The visit of Sir Charles Wyndham, and, perhaps more particularly, of Sir Charles Wyndham's very excellent company of players, will be long remembered with a smile by those who saw Mrs. Goring's Necktie on Tuesday evening. Those who were at the Princess represented society in its brightest and best, the exit of the audience being punctuated by greetings and exchange of opinions from A to Z, some of the smartest people in town only being able to secure seats at the end of the alphabet. The perfect acting and the delightful comedy of an English country house, with the ordinary—though, let us hope, not very frequent—type of cranky and tiresome host and hostess, the exasperating flirtations of a pretty grass widow and the sentimental and the other daughter, with two men guests, one very good and the other rather decadent, made up two hours of rare fun, marred by a cheap finale. The boxes overflowed with lovely women and their escorts, and the stalls held a garden of Toronto beauty, everyone seeming to have travelled theaterward on the first half of the week. Sir Charles Wyndham made a speech on Monday to the effect that it depended upon Toronto whether he returned and one may conclude we have not seen the last of him, and assure him his welcome waits.

Iceboating has been a favorite amusement for visiting friends in Toronto lately, and a great many have enjoyed it, though the snow has interfered a good deal this week. I hear that some of our guests have decided to cut out more remote engagements and remain on for the dainty doings of next Tuesday night, the charming paper ball at the King Edward.

Mr. and Mrs. Boone of Bloor street east are going south for two or three weeks. Mr. Boone, who is here on leave from England, will remain in town until the end of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Brick Francis have come from Chicago to reside in Toronto, and with their lovely little son are at Sussex Court. Mrs. Francis (née Powell of Ottawa) has many friends in Toronto, and all are glad to welcome her here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Osborne returned from a very delightful visit in New York, Washington and Baltimore, on Sunday. Mrs. Osborne is now in great demand by the promoters of the Paper ball, who have missed her taste and inventive genius.

Never such pretty conceits have been seen in Toronto as are under course of construction for the garb of the various pretty girls and women at the ball next Tuesday night. I have been given a peep at some dainty floral dresses which are to be worn in the Scotch set, the men of which will be in Highland full-dress uniform, and, if all the other flowers are as fetching as the thistles all the *noli me tangere* signs in the world won't keep their admirers at a distance.

I hear from one of the household that His Excellency and Lady Grey are looking forward to their visit to Toronto with great pleasure. The arrangements for their welcome are well forward, especially those for the Yacht Club ball, and Toronto will turn a "shining morning face," as Shakespeare says, to greet the viceregal party.

Mrs. Walter H. Robinson, who was evidently not in her best health while in Toronto recently, underwent an operation for appendicitis last Monday in New York. I hear that she is doing very nicely and hope soon to chronicle her complete convalescence.

Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton arrived to-day in town and is the guest of the Canadian Club at luncheon. He lectures at the "Pop" in Association Hall to-night. Mr. Seton has had a very pleasant and successful trip to England, and, I believe, intends returning there very shortly. He is very much in demand as a lecturer just now.

Rev. and Mrs. Beverley Smith have recently arrived from Chatham to reside at the Junction, where the former has taken charge of the Anglican church. Mrs. Beverley Smith (née Caldecott) receives on every Thursday this month at 28, Annette street west.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodbridge are settled at 74 Spadina road, where Mrs. Woodbridge and her daughter, Mrs. Fisher, receive on Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Boyd have returned to their residence in Hawthorne avenue after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis in Glen road.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford returned from the South on Sunday last. Mrs. French is the guest of Mrs. Frederick Law, Sherbourne street.

One of the sweetest girls in Canada is Miss Fielding, daughter of the Minister of Finance, who has been recently under the hands of the world-famous Dr. Lorenz in Vienna. All her Canadian friends will rejoice in the good word which has come across the ocean, to the effect that the operation performed to restore the proper use of her limb is successful. The best results are hoped for with all the warmth of affection such a lovable girl can inspire.

Mr. and Mrs. Waldie of Glenhurst went South on Saturday. I hear they will be away for a month.

Small and large teas have been numerous during the past ten days, and it becomes less and less possible to keep up one's calling list in the number of bridge and euchre parties, teas and lectures which are temptingly presented as time-fillers. A few of the recent teas have been given in honor of visitors. Mrs. Burrows gave a matinee bridge and tea last week for her Winnipeg guest, Mrs. Grant Sherer. Mrs. Riddell of St. George street gave a very smart bridge on the same afternoon, February 2. Miss Alice Stewart gave a girls' tea for her cousin, Miss Hanna of London, on February 3. Mrs. Beatty of Crescent road gave a bridge on the same afternoon. Miss Kate Scott of Carlton street gave a small tea this week. Mrs. Murray Macfarlane of Carlton street gave a very charming tea on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Norman Seagram (née Buchanan) received on Thursday and Friday afternoons at her parents' home in St. George street, the young couple having been with Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan since their return from Europe, and their own home being still incomplete. Mrs. Seagram's reception was postponed owing to her indisposition, from the date arranged for last month.

Mrs. Worts Smart held her post-nuptial receptions on Monday and Tuesday afternoons and Tuesday evening, at her

biow residence in Chestnut Park road, a romantic little thoroughfare winding through the orchard of the former Macpherson homestead. People wandered along Roxborough street over the crisp snow and came up a trim pathway, and a bevy of carriages which directed them northward to the spot where the twin houses (detached, but close together) of Mr. Howard Irish and Mr. Worts Smart now stand. Mrs. Irish (née Smart) matronized the bridal attendants of last spring's pretty wedding, who were in charge of the "Beauty" rose-centered tea-table, and Mrs. Lennox received with her daughter in the pretty drawing-room. The hostess wore her exquisite and dainty bridal robes, and her fairylike figure and *mignon* face never looked more charming than as she welcomed her visitors in her new home. Mrs. Lennox, in a very beautiful white lace gown and hat, assisted in the reception. The maid of honor, Miss Stanway, in a sun-yellow chiffon dress, the two sisters of the little hostess in white with most becomingly arranged Marguerites in their hair; little Miss Maida McLaughlin, and graceful Miss Gertrude Moore, very pretty and dainty, served tea and many good things in the tea-room. The utterly cosy and fascinating home is full of the prettiest and most artistic things, and the taste of papa and little daughter is evident. As Miss Eola Lennox, the hostess was peculiarly gifted in winning the love of her friends, who delight in her happiness as a matron.

One of the big teas of last week was given for Mrs. Scott Griffin (née Mackenzie) by Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto, and a very large party assembled to say welcome to Mrs. Griffin on her visit to her former home. She has not been as robust as all could wish, and the change will doubtless be beneficial. Her little son is a bonnie Winnipeg lad, full of fun and as bright as possible, and was brought down at the request of sundry baby lovers to be admired and chatted with, young Gilbert being a two-year-old of some conversational powers. Mrs. Mackenzie received at the door of the drawing-room, and Mrs. Griffin also greeted the earlier guests, the later ones finding her surrounded by former girl friends who had many things to tell and to hear. In the dining-room was a lovely buffet with Benvenuto plenshing, and Miss Bertha Mackenzie, Mrs. Alec Mackenzie, Mrs. Arthur Grantham and Miss Giffie Grantham waited upon the guests, assisted by several volunteer waitresses among the young set. Mrs. Mackenzie and Mrs. Scott Griffin wore white and Mrs. Alec Mackenzie was a picture in a dainty gown and large pale blue *chapeau*. After the tea Mrs. Scott Griffin was the guest of honor at a little dinner at Chudleigh, at which Major Mozley of Kingston was another visitor in town thus entertained. So many were at Benvenuto for tea that space will not permit of mention of their names.

Mrs. Cattanauch, who has been for a long time in England, is expected home next month. Mr. Ernest and the Misses Cattanauch have taken a house at 26 Park road, and will be busy preparing for their mother's return, which will probably be the beginning of March. Mrs. Cattanauch is now in Brussels with friends.

Mrs. Scott Griffin has been visiting some of her husband's relatives in London this week for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. James Grace went to England last week by the ss. *Baltic*.

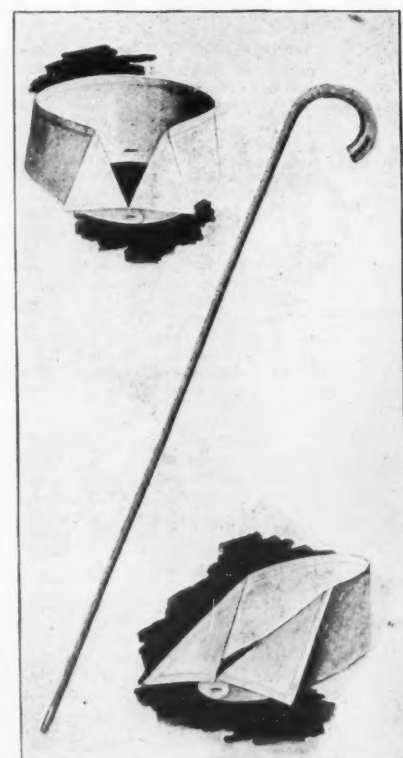
Mr. and Mrs. Somerville of Atherley are spending the season in Cairo. From now until March Cairo is the gayest and most fascinating of places. The hotels are full, and several Torontonians are among the guests at the smart caravanseries.

Mrs. James Mason and the Misses Mason are at Somerville, near Charleston, South Carolina, for the winter, and the Mason residence is *maison fermée* until spring.

The Lady Principals of Westbourne School, Miss Dallas and Miss Curlette, have issued invitations for an At Home on next Friday evening from 8 to 11.30 o'clock. Miss Elizabeth Thomas of Buffalo, one of the ex-pupils of this school, is now on a visit to the principals, and her many friends are glad to see her again in Toronto.

"Glanders, I hear that you are an office-holder," said Gilgal. "It's a slander," was the indignant reply. "I work for my living."

"Who are that motley pair? The girl is a beauty, but the fellow looks like a freak." "Why, that's Good Advice and Bad Example. They are together almost all the time."



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Pet's Husband

By JENNETTE LEE.

I T was generally thought that Pet had done very well for herself when she married him. She was the third daughter of Mr. Wainwright of Dedham, and he was Instructor in English at the college for women. I spell Instructor with a capital, since it is so spelled in the institution in which he served. The branch of English that he elected to teach—and that his official superior graciously permitted him to teach—was a mysterious branch of Gaelic. It had to do with North of Ireland ballads and Scottish Border poems, enlivened by dabs of Chaucer. It may easily be understood that neither the trustees of the institution nor his official superior were altogether fitted to pronounce on the thoroughness of his knowledge or the range of his equipment; and he was popularly supposed to have received his appointment on the strength of poems published in the *Century Magazine*. Those who took the trouble to look up the poems found that they were three in number and of remarkable length. They dealt with supernatural powers and gnomes, and gave the reader a sense of wind sighing through empty boughs or ghosts striving to lift a trap-door of ebony. No one pretended to understand the poems. But it was conceded that they were remarkable work—for a young man—and that they promised yet more remarkable things in the future.

He was therefore elected to the Instructorship; and he and Pet were married in June. In September he took up his duties at the college. He offered two courses in his subject, and they were elected by ten students each.

There was a feeling in the college that since so erudite a subject was offered it would be, in a certain sense, a disgrace to the college should no one elect it. It might seem to indicate that women were not the intellectual equals of men, or something to that effect. The student body had a courageous conviction that women were in all respects the equals of men, as well as their superiors. They held themselves ready to elect any number of subjects to prove it. Moreover, the new Instructor had an interesting lock of hair that fell across his forehead and required brushing back absently as he talked. This stimulated the imagination. It was held, by some at least, to offset the difficulties of the course.

It was soon found, however, that, except for the lock of hair, the new Instructor added no personal inducements to the study of Gaelic. He worshipped his subject—and Pet. His mind was preoccupied with poetic dreams, and his gaze was, for the most part, turned inward. He was blind to the very intelligent faces that confronted him in the front row. His dark eyes rested on them impartially, and his lips, framed to utter musical sounds, expounded learnedly the secrets of middle-high Gaelic.

Pet meanwhile had settled down to the career of being a professor's wife, with exalted joy. That she was as yet only the wife of an Instructor did not trouble her. She knew that Alwyn had in him lofty powers, that he was destined for high places. She accepted without question, the responsibility of assisting his great career, and of rising beside him to stand at last in the full radiance of glory. She was curiously unalive to the possibility of failure. She knew Alwyn for what he was, and she believed in him to the utmost. Meantime it was her obvious duty to fail him in no particular. She kept her pretty new clothes in the freshest order, and received and returned her calls with promptness. It was not always easy to cajole Alwyn into accompanying her on the calling expeditions, and he was

sometimes guilty of stealing away through the side door to the little grove that flanked the house, when callers appeared at the front door. Pet's manner on these occasions did duty for two. She did not attempt to conceal the flight or excuse it. She took the public boldly into her confidence. She assumed that they, too, admired Alwyn's genius and were proud of it, and, with her, shared the responsibility of preserving it to the world. She so far succeeded that, whatever the public might think of the new Instructor's manners, they agreed in pronouncing those of his wife charming. She was a distinct acquisition to the slow-moving life of the place. The wivings of countless professors had exercised themselves through endless years in inventing appropriate social excuses for delinquent husbands. It had not occurred to them to acknowledge the thing openly and glory in it. Pet's frankness toward life entertained them. It might easily have shocked them. And the sense of license and wild risk involved added to her charm.

Before the close of the first year the Condors held an assured place in the community; and when, on the opening of college in September, it was known that the baby that had come to them in the vacation had died, the sympathy of the whole community went out to them. They were knit into the life of the place by social dependence, and now by sympathy.

II.

It was near the close of the first semester of the second year that Alwyn came home one afternoon with a disturbed face. Pet, who was writing out the menu for a little dinner party the following week, put down her papers and came across to the fire.

He sat leaning forward, looking into the fire and rubbing his long fingers. She took the hearth-brush and brushed away infinitesimal specks. She hung the brush on its nail and sat down near him. He smiled at her absently.

She nodded, with a quick look, leaning forward, "Everything all right?"

"Not—quite." He pushed back the lock of hair. "Only my classes—"

"Don't they work?"

"What there is of them—yes."

Her eyes grew quickly round. "What do you mean? You have almost as many as you had last year."

"About half," he corrected. "And they're going to drop it."

"All of them?"

"There will be one student left in the three-hour course, and none in the two-hour. The list came in to-day."

She smiled back bravely. "Sillies!"

She moved nearer to him, brushing his sleeve with her fingers. "What do you suppose made them?"

He shook his head. "Just the freak—perhaps."

"Yes?"

"There's another course in Economics—a new man."

"They're sheep. What one takes, the rest will!"

"I have sometimes thought they don't elect a subject because they care for the subject?" He put it tentatively.

"They don't elect subjects—nor even professors," she said with decision; "they just elect each other. You have one left?"

"Yes. I have one."

"I'm going to make you a cup of tea," she said, "and then we'll go for a long walk. I want to take you to that place up the glen where I found the ice crystals. They're beautiful." She busied herself among the tea-things. "Besides, dear, the fewer you have, the more time you'll get for yourself and your writing. It's really better." She looked up with a smile.

He returned the smile, his eyes lingering on the trim figure and peach-blossom skin and wide eyes. "It's really better," he assented. "So long as I keep enough to draw my salary."

Something in the tone reached her. She dropped the sugar-tongs. "So long as—" She gave a quick laugh. "How silly, Alwyn! Of course you'll draw your salary."

"If I have a student," he said, "I imagine the trustees won't feel justified in paying me a salary just as an ornament."

"They ought to."

"Well—perhaps."

"It isn't like most subjects," she said indignantly. "Of course the classes will be small."

"Small—yes," he assented. "The college ought to be proud to keep you, even if you hadn't a student—just for glory."

He laughed shortly.

She came across to him, bringing the cup of tea.

He took it from her absently. "It's not a rich college," he said.

"Neither are we," she replied.

"I know. I've thought of that. I must do something."

"You will do nothing," she said promptly, "except be a poet." She bent and kissed the lock of hair on his forehead lightly. "Now I'm going to put on my walking-skirt. Finish your tea, dear, and then we'll go out." She flashed from the room and tripped up the long stairway, humming a little song. She closed the door of her room softly. She stood very still, staring before her with wide eyes.

III.

In the summer the Condors went to the White Mountains. Alwyn was not strong. A slight cough troubled him. The doctor had ordered a bracing climate. They settled down comfortably in the small hotel in which they found themselves. The other guests were pleasant people, and they had a large room facing to the east. Alwyn began

to take long walks by himself among the hills. He gained in color and weight. They resolutely turned their thoughts from the coming year and from college. Unless some student should alter her election when college reopened, Alwyn would have no classes. His one student had finished her course in June, and the lists handed in for the coming year furnished no one to take her place. Pet refused to admit that the situation was serious. Even if no one should elect the work, she pointed out, the college could not turn him adrift at the opening of the year. They must, in common decency, carry him on for a while, and there would be a revival of interest in Gaelic before another year. Alwyn admitted the possibility, and the subject was dropped.

He continued his long walks in the hills, and Pet devoted herself to the guests of the hotel. She would have tramped by his side for miles without a word. But since he did not wish her, she served him, staying behind. There might be something she could do for him if she were watchful and ready.

She made friends with women from New York and Boston, and with one from Philadelphia. There was always the possibility of lectures in the winter. The hotel responded warmly to her advances. She was tactful and spontaneous and she never drew a breath without devoting it to Alwyn. The hotel pronounced her charming, and her husband distinguished and interesting.

When they had been five weeks at the hotel a new guest arrived. She was from Maryland, a young woman with a Southern accent and reddish brown hair. She and Pet at once became good friends. They walked together, and drove and played golf, and sat on the piazza and made dolies. When Alwyn returned from his walks he found them always together. It came about naturally that he read to them both the verses he had formerly read to Pet. The Southern girl sat with downcast eyes listening to the strange lines. As she listened a flush crept into her face, and when she lifted her eyes they were shining. Pet, watching her, smiled serenely. If one woman were so moved by it, what would be the result when all the world should hear it! She begged him to publish something now. But he put her aside. It was not finished. It must wait.

When the summer was almost done, and they were about to return to college, she made a discovery to him. He was going for a last walk across the hills, and seeing a look in her eyes, he had asked her to go with him.

They spread their luncheon on a rock, mid-stream in a tumbling brook. Pet made her way back and forth from the bank to the rock, bearing great handfuls of leaves and branches and flowers to deck the table. Alwyn, lying on his back on the rock, watched her from under his hat-brim as she flitted from rock to rock, breathless, laden with trailing green. Her hair, curling in tendrils, blew about her face, her eyes glowed, and her color came and went softly. She was supple and vigorous. There was something of the woods about her—cleanliness and abandon. She laid the last branches on the rock, and pushed back the hair from her face, leaning over the side of the rock to dash the water across her face and neck. She dried it on a fresh napkin that she took from the basket.

He pushed back his hat and sat up. He regarded her critically. "You might wash your face," he said, "and comb your hair a little."

"With my fingers?" He held them up.

"When they're washed," she assented. He leaned over, dabbling them in the water where it foamed against the rock.

She watched him with clear eyes. "Who do you think is going to college next year?" Her voice laughed.

"To our college?"

"Yes."

"Anybody I know?"

"Yes."

He considered, dipping his fingers up and down in the water and letting it drip from them as he held them up. "Somebody here?" he asked.

"Yes."

He sat up. "Not—Miss Leffingwell?"

She nodded, her eyes dancing.

"She said she was going back to Maryland." A shadow from a pine tree flicked his face.

"She is. But she's coming north again—later."

There was silence. The air stirred freshly about them. Alwyn had taken a sandwich from his green plate and was breaking it absently in his fingers.

"What is she going for?"

"To study ballad poetry and Gaelic."

"What!" He sat up suddenly.

She smiled at him.

He returned the look with sternness. "You have told her—"

"I have not told her a thing," she said slowly, "except what you teach."

"She will be the only one in the class."

"Perhaps not," said Pet. "Eat your sandwich. I told her," she went on, watching with satisfaction as his teeth closed on the morsel, "I told her the classes were very small."

"You can't call nothing small." He was looking at her searchingly.

She laughed out. "You needn't be suspicious, Alwyn. I didn't deceive her in the least. She just wanted to come."

"Very likely," he responded.

IV.

Miss Leffingwell was a distinguished

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Montreal.

looking girl. It soon became known that she had come from Maryland for the express purpose of taking Mr. Condor's work. The effect was what might have been foreseen, even by a less astute person than Alwyn's wife. Other students re-experienced a desire for Gaelic. The classes started off with good numbers. Had Alwyn been endowed with ability to carry on a mild and legitimate flirtation while expounding the subtleties of language, his career—and Pet's—might have been different. His classes would have grown in numbers, and his reputation would have been heard in the land. This does not mean that he would have done anything unworthy of a dignified gentleman—only that he would have treated his students as individual human beings. His classes laid at his feet respectful admiration, tempered by a desire for personal recognition. He fixed his dreamy eyes on the admiration, blinked at it a little, uncomprehending, and planting his foot upon it, walked calmly on.

The classes dwindled again. Miss Leffingwell stayed till the end of the year. Pet had her often to dinner. Sometimes Alwyn read to them as in the summer. In June Miss Leffingwell went away.

"I couldn't help—anyone—by staying another year," she said. She stood on the lower step, looking up to Pet. Something in Pet's face stayed her. "I couldn't help?" she repeated.

"No, dear, you can't help," said Pet.

The girl stood with one foot slightly raised to the step above, her head, with its reddish crown, lifted proudly. "I'd be glad to stay, you know?" She looked up with frank eyes.

Pet nodded. "Yes I know. Thank you, dear."

At luncheon Pet mentioned that Miss Leffingwell had gone. "She came to say good-by," she said casually.

"Did she? I meant to see her. A nice girl," he added, waking out of a study.

"A thoroughly nice girl," said Pet.

The next year the President arranged for a certain amount of clerical work for Alwyn. Pet did the work, and Alwyn had a free year for writing. Before the next year came round, Pet's plans were made. In the fall she opened her house to students. The rooms were large. Pet was an excellent house-keeper, and the house became very popular. Perhaps its chief attraction was the young poet. He gave a charm to the place, an other-worldliness that the college lacked as a whole. It was rumored that he was at work on a great book. The girls vied in thoughtfulness. They felt vaguely that they assisted at the birth of literature. They formed themselves into a guild. Newcomers were tried by the shibboleth of his genius.

Near the close of the year Alwyn's cough returned. He and Pet were unable to go away for the summer. The following winter he went south. He soon returned. He could not be contented away from Pet. She arranged her affairs and went with him. They were gone two months.

When they came back everyone knew that the poet would not recover. He spent his days in an upper room looking to the east. No one in the house saw him, but his presence was on the place. The girls came and went in the shadow of it. It spread about them luminously.

V.

In his upper room the poet sat with his face toward death. He could hardly be said to fight it. Sometimes one watching him, as Pet watched him, might fancy that he moved toward it a step, deliberately. He did not speak of dying.

Pet cared for him now as she had always cared for him, surrounding him with love and panics and nourishing broths. She shared his defeat, as she would have shared his glory, outside of it, but serene and poised. He watched her without words. Then when the sun came in at the east, and she left the room, he turned toward it, impatient. He hurried to the house. A dying man would sicken it. The girls would grow tired, as they had tired of his classes. They would leave Pet—and there was no money. His eye rested on the desk across the room. It was filled to the lid. Pet had urged him once or twice, gently, to let her copy something and send it to the publishers. She had thought it might rouse him. He had put her off. He looked to the sun, blankly. A thousand years, as yesterday when it is past. He saw the procession across the years: Homer, groping blindly—Milton—Dante in exile—Keats—and Lanier. He stretched out his hands to them. The hands dropped helpless. They had achieved. Only long enough for that!

Pet came in, bringing his breakfast. She had placed the strawberries among their leaves, and they glowed freshly. His eye lighted. He lifted his hand and stroked her cheek.

She smiled at him and sat beside him, talking of little things while he ate.

In another week college would be done. He must make haste. There would be time for Pet to rest. It must be over before they came back. Dear Pet! She was brave. He turned his face with a sigh.

When the girls came back in the fall, their first question was for him. Pet's face had grown a little thin under its courage. "He is no better," she said. "But not—perhaps—not worse."

Then, to the surprise of the doctor and of everyone, he took new life. He insisted on sitting up. Pet's face filled with light. Her lips sang as she went about the house.

So it happened that the poet fought against death—fought it inch by inch. He was very weary. Often he longed to sleep. He was dead—all but his heart. That beat still for Pet—to save her disaster. A death might drive the girls away. He put it cruelly to himself. His soul was dead, locked away there in the desk. He saw nothing but Pet's face and its courage.

Pet sat in his room, waiting for the tea-bell to ring. It was late November.

She leaned toward him, smoothing out the spread with little touches. "Comfortable, dear?"

"Yes." His hand reached out for hers.

"She took it, stroking it as she talked. The girls go to-morrow," she said.

His gaunt eyes turned to her out of the dusk. "Go—where?"

"Home. It's Thanksgiving. Had you forgotten?"

He drew a slow breath. "Thanksgiving—so it is—Thanks—giving."

He lay so quiet that she thought he was asleep. She slipped from the room. The next day he was not well. Pet told the girls when they said good-by. They went away soberly.

The noise of moving trunks and footsteps disturbed him. He was restless, sleeping fitfully. Late in the afternoon he woke, startled.

"What was that?"

"One of the trunks," said Pet. She came across to the bed and patted him lightly. "They're all gone now, dear. You can rest."

"Yes, I can rest. Kiss me, Pet."

He turned to the wall and slept.

Pet sat alone in the silent house. To-morrow the girls would have returned. To-night was her own—and Alwyn's. In her hand she held a bundle of papers. She had been sorting them, rearranging them. She had been surprised to find them so neatly copied. Everything was ready. To-morrow she would send them off. She had been reading them till the light failed, dumbly, with vague stirring of heart. She could not understand. But the world would know. She remembered the look in Miss Leffingwell's face. The world would know. Her husband's memory was safe with the world. To-morrow they should go to the publisher.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

The Silk Dress Balloon.

Even as early as 1862 the Union army had been using balloons to examine the positions of the Confederates, and even that early the scanty resources of the Confederates made the use of balloons a luxury that could not be afforded. While gazing enviously upon the handsome balloons of the Federals floating serenely at a distance that their guns could not reach, a Confederate genius suggested that all the silk dresses in the Confederacy be got together and made into balloons. This was done, and soon a great patchwork ship of many and varied hues was ready for use. There was no gas except in Richmond, and so the silk dress balloon had to be inflated there, tied to an engine and carried to where it was to be sent up. One day it was on a steamer down the James River, when the tide went out and left the vessel and balloon on a sandbar. The Federals gathered it in, and with it the last silk dress in the Confederacy. General Longstreet used to say laughingly that this was the meanest trick of the war.

Nature's Son.

His the unfettered freedom of the hills! His the whole world bounded but by the horizon!

His the infinite variety of nature! His the forest, the stream, and the prairie;

His to see the forests stripped for battle with Grim Winter;

His the tumbled glory of the autumn! He leans upon the straggling rail fence; His eyes sweep the fields and the forests;

His gaze rests upon the stripped limbs of the trees.

"Geel!" he sighs, "that reminds me! I had the price I'd go ter town an' see that variety show ter-night!"—*Houston Post*.

John Morley, in an address at Pittsburgh, urged the "American" people to use caution and care in their busy lives—to do strenuous things, but to do them with forethought. "The Scot," said Mr. Morley, "is noted for his forethought. A bald Scot, on a visit to London, paused to look at a display of hair tonic in a chemist's window. The chemist, himself a bald man, came out and tapped the Scot upon the shoulder. 'The very thing for you, my man,' he said. 'Let me sell you a bottle of this tonic. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age.' 'It is guid, eh?' said the Caledonian. 'Good? It's marvelous. I guarantee it to produce hair on a bald head in twenty-four hours.' 'Aweel,' said the Scot, in his dry, cautious way. 'Aweel, ye can gie the top o' yer head a rub wi' it, and I'll look back the morn and see if ye're tellin' the truth.'"

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LADY GAY'S COLUMN

It is a good many years now since a woman said to me, as we finished our breakfast in one of the palatial dining-rooms of Fifth avenue, above Central Park: "I want to take you to a lecture at eleven o'clock." The lecture habit was at its height in Gotham just then. There were lectures on clothes, on bathing, on face treatment, on everything under the canopy of heaven, all the aftermath of the World's Fair in Chicago, where women had held their first great meeting and gotten saturated with all sorts of grand notions on advancement and improvement. The idea of a lecture at eleven o'clock in the morning was not new, therefore, and I acquiesced amiably, not even inquiring what was to be the subject, nor whom the lecturer. We went to a small place near Madison Square, and climbed a small stair, and were met by the so-familiar and self-important fussy lady patronesses of that lecture era. There was a hush about the place, and a mysterious, rapid look in the eyes of the lady usher who put us, as people of importance (I basking in the glory of my hostess' prestige), in front places. A near-sighted girl beside me, who could twist her head about like one of the ventriloquist's dummies at Shea's, suddenly gasped in a sort of hysterical gurgle. "He's coming," and there were firm, light footsteps up the bare boards of the narrow aisle and a sudden glow of color of madder red and golden yellow, and the near-sighted girl stopped craning her neck and collapsed in a satisfied lump against my elbow. That was how I came to see for the first time, many years ago, the Swami Abhedananda, whose visit to Toronto last week touched a note of wonder, of interest, of pleasure and inspiration which vibrates in the hearts and souls of scores of thoughtful persons who heard him speak upon the religion of his fathers in far India. I envied those persons who heard him for the first time, recalling, as I did, that small hall near Madison Square that dull November morning. The cloud that had hung between me and the sun of joy for many a weary day, and the lifting of the cloud, the warm flood of sunshine, the wonder of new light, new thought, new courage. The Swami did not speak of India nor of the religion of his people that November morning. Three little sentences only of his lecture abode with me. They abide still, and the cloud never quite enveloped me, after they entered into my mind. Since then, years ago, many other thoughts, bigger, broader, more beautiful, have been born of those three: the thought of immortality, the thought of reward and punishment, the thought of universal brotherhood. The peace and patience of eternity, the acquiescence in the day's wage, so just and so inevitable, and the sympathy and tenderness and identity with all that is, from earth to heaven, our animate and inanimate brotherhood. One does not lightly speak of these three glorious living things; one tries to attain to them only.

Swami Abhedananda, following his fellow teacher, Vivakananda, came out to America, not on a mission of proselytizing, but at the request of the latter teacher, who had been invited to attend the World's Fair Congress of Religions. There had appeared so many who came to question and remained to learn, that one Swami, no matter how tireless, could not meet them all. Then Vivakananda died, and the teacher who spoke here last week became the burden-bearer in chief. He had just assumed this responsibility when I saw him that gloomy November day in New York. Another Swami, on last Monday, took his place before the hundreds who have replaced the tens in New York, and doubtless with the same grave and careful demeanor, made his first essay as a lecturer, while Swami Abhedananda spent his first day at Niagara. The visit to Toronto last week was most grateful to the Swami, for he found here courteous, thoughtful, receptive and sometimes experienced friends, meeting him not only with ready hospitality, but with well considered and pregnant questions, with grave dissent or hearty concurrence, the very inspiration to a teacher. Many episodes of his visit seem beautiful and suggestive. I mention one as particularly so. While he was spending a brief moment in the home of one of the most broad and scholarly men in Toronto, the little son of the house.

father asked the Swami to bless the child, and he, putting his hand upon the fair head, repeated the exquisite blessing over him. It was a moment the beauty and significance of which could only be appreciated by those knowing both the men. A man of great worth and a recognized authority on psychology, took exception to the tint of the gown and turban worn by the Swami, on the ground that it was not becoming. Really, it was a man, and a scientist! The madder red and the clear golden tints of gown and turban are the colors of the order to which the Swami belongs, and signify Wisdom. Thus enveloped in Wisdom, he stands before his hearers, modest, perfectly courteous, sweet-tempered under irritating carpers and questioners, a being who has every faculty and every nerve, every impulse under complete control, a patriot and a saint in one. If I might tell you of the preparation which each of these Oriental teachers goes through, of the simple assurance which this one has given me, that he knew a joy beyond description while for twelve years he wandered from mountain to plain as the seasons alternated in India, living on one scant meal in twenty-four hours, and walking shoeless and unshielded from the storm or cold, some thirty miles a day, sleeping under the trees or in a cave, and wakening to a bright, joyous consciousness, with never an ache or pain in all that long slice of out of a young man's life; if I might tell you this in detail and much more, you would



HER HONOR.
The Nursemaid (haughty)—Better look out what you're insinuat'ing of, see. Say it's mine an' I'll make yer prove it.

arrive at the acceptance of a fact which never seemed possible to you before. You all know what this fact is. Therefore I need not mention it. The Pauline admonitions will give you the key, and when you open you will find the answer to many a burning doubt and fear.

"Our Swami," as a Torontonian called him, has travelled with this brilliant intellect, this calm poise, this just insight and wide wisdom, through many countries, and has gathered with the sympathy which knowledge exacts the essence of their lives and the burden of their conditions. Our Swami is a vegetarian, an abstainer, he does not smoke cigars (this is to answer a querist), he does not wish to convert anyone from any religion, but to help them to rise above all sects and live in that expanding and life-giving air which will develop and not dwarf their powers. It is a beautiful and wonderful mission, and no doubt many will feel that the encouragement of his presence will be for their cheer and comfort and will send for him again to visit us. The preconceived idea of a Swami is of an austere and self-centered being, giving out high-toned commands, and mysterious utterances; the real Swami is a cheerful, sweet-tempered, sympathetic and profoundly wise man, baffling to the people of material instinct, who ask, "What does he get?" "Is he very wealthy?" "What is his family?" and "How old is he?" and who cannot believe that neither money nor comfort nor the praise of men nor the smile of women means the same for all men. We have long had our ideal life on earth, we Christians, who reverence and worship the Perfect Manhood. Such an ideal should fit us to understand and value the personality of the man of wisdom who has been the guest of some of our young people in Toronto this month. Swami Abhedananda is a great teacher, and the lessons he teaches are needed to-day as they have never been needed before, appealing, as they do, by precept and example to those who will be "Canada" in a very few years.

LADY GAY.

Finland Under the Despotism.

Since this article was despatched from Finland, before the outbreak of the present Russian crisis, a grave revolt is reported to have broken out at Helsinki, the Finnish capital, the members of the Lower House, the nobility, and the leaders of the people having placed themselves at its head.

THE Black River runs into the Gulf of Finland at Raivola, and all around it are the mournful pine forests and little stony hills of the north.

From the beach one may barely see, with a keen eye, the blue film of another coast beyond, but in the night the bold white lights of Kronstadt blink clearly across the water, peering at the darkness over their bell-towered canon for the foreign enemy that never comes. And sometimes, in the still of the day, the woodcutters and fishermen start up right to listen to the ominous mutter of the great guns of the fortress, testing their venom on the innocent waters of the gulf.

It is a kindly country, this Finland, a hunter's and woodman's country, where they breed fine, strapping, lovable men, and stout, pleasant, yellow-haired women. They are a conquered race, still chafing savagely under the yoke of the despot, but they have the germ of freedom in them, the essence of liberty, and will not easily merge into the people that governs them and is now viciously active in an endeavor to strangle their nationality. You have but to see with what a keen self-reliance and restrained dignity they carry themselves, with what an adequacy of skill and power they address themselves to their simple affairs, to realize that here is a race individuality which will not founder without a fight nor yield to mere force. The Finn is the Scotsman of Europe, with not much fire, with little showy alacrity, but tough, very tough.

The analogy does not end here. In Finland to-day affairs have a complexion which recalls vividly the middle of the eighteenth century in the Highlands of Scotland.

I cannot say if they have an Alan Breck to show, but it is probable, for strained times commonly bring forth men equal to the strain, and Alan would have a grand scope for his peculiar abilities in Finland at the present time. He would find the Whigs reproduced with added virulence in the Russian Administration and its supporters, the Campbells in the Moderate Party, the hospitable French in his neighbors the Swedes, and his own people in all the loyal nationalities of Finland. And recently the

death of General Bobrikoff provided an excellent loose imitation of the Appin murder and is followed by a persecution of the loyalists even more relentless and searching than was that which brought James of the Glen to the gallows. In brief, Stevenson, with a few differences of name and place, might have staged his great romance in Finland as aptly and as much to the purpose as in Scotland in 1752.

Naturally, a stranger will not make much of a hand of it if he sets out to track nationalism to its lair. There is none of the red rosette or white cockade here. These silent Finns have not learned the trick of cheap symbolism in politics. They take their principles raw and naked. And there are no public meetings, no stump orators, no loose talking on great themes. The taint of revolution has so deep a root that it is not seen on the surface.

But be sure it is there. In the rich ground of these primitive souls and simple intelligences it has such a hold, such a tenacity, that evidences of its existence and grim force will not be smothered eternally. It is hidden, but it grows, silent but purposeful, slow but deadly, sure to flame.

The proof of its presence which is easiest to find consists in the measures which Russia exercises to destroy it. The whole activity of the Government is directed to disintegrating organizations which it suspects to have been formed. The wolves run at their ease in the woods of Raivola this winter, for the men of the district have been poured prodigally into Kuropatkin's fighting line. No province of all Russia has been sucked so dry in the matter of men as Finland. The war has served its turn in this connection, for the Finns are facing the Japanese in inordinate numbers, and there is not a village that has not lost its best—and most dangerous—members, raked up in the merciless net of the Russian military system.

But in the towns—little domestic towns like those of the Swiss cantons, where the village idiot is the most prominent citizen—there were men who could not with any degree of decency be uprooted to become soldiers. A convict—that is what it amounts to—must be trapped, not snatched. There were lawyers, doctors, agents, bankers, merchants, all the cosy aristocracy of the little town, and these could not be made to serve in the ranks.

But since no one can ask questions of the Government of Russia, the remedy was simple. They were furnished with passports to the interior of Russia, and these passports made no provision for return. They were decanted, lifted from their homes, and planted down in a new place, to live under the eye of a hostile police and do as best they could for themselves.

There is now no Finnish flag. It may not fly; there is a price on the head of any one who gives it to the air. And though you may sing *The Wearing of the Green* or shout "Banzai!" anywhere without offence, a bar of the old Finnish national anthem is a key to open prison doors, and a free pass over the border. Yet, one blissful evening not long ago, coming down the Black River in a boat, borne by the current through one pincalled pool to the stainless mirror of the next, I think I heard it—on a mouth-organ, played furtively in the woods. It is a mournful melody, eerie and proper to those troll-haunted glades, a survival of a music older than the *liad*. Heaven knows who soled him self with it on that still evening, or who else heard him play it. Perhaps—who knows?—they were drilling there in the forest, as of old the clansmen drilled in readiness for the Forty-five. But where the countryfolk keep their tunes in the face of dire oppression, is it not plain that he who made the song will in the end be stronger than they who tangle the laws?

There was diphtheria in one village that I visited—if I gave the name of it some poor fellow might suffer. Nine children had died in the night while men on horseback were scouring the countryside for a doctor. There should be a Government doctor within reach, but he was not to be found that night, and one after another the babies gave up the struggle and died, and when at last a man came back with a medical student he had chanced across at a railway station, there was nothing left to do but straighten the little limbs and cover the faces.

The people of the village were more silent than of wont when I saw them, and I had been talking to one of them for some time before it slipped out that in his home there had been two deaths. It was impossible to say anything adequate, such was the grim reserve of the big, stricken man. No formula of condolence but would have been impertinent, but one could not be dumb. I stam-

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mered something.
He shook his head. "At the best," he answered, gravely, "these are no times for children."

Some Mixed Metaphors.

THE following instances of a mixing of metaphors by some British statesmen have been given: "Mr. Balfour, in a recent speech, spoke of 'an empty theater of unsympathetic auditors.' Lord Carson has remarked that 'though not out of the wood yet we have a good ship.' Sir Lowther 'had caught a big fish in his net'—and went to the top of the tree for it." Mr. Asquith has lately remarked that 'redistribution is a thorny subject which requires delicate handling, or it will tread on some people's toes.'

"Mr. Brodrick told the Commons that 'among the many jarring notes heard in this House on military affairs this subject at least must be regarded as an oasis.' But General Buller evidently thinks there is little to be gained by so-called army reform, for he declares that 'the army is honeycombed with cliques, and kisses go by favor in this web of ax-grinders.'

"In the debate on the London Education Bill, Walter Long said: 'We are told that by such legislation the heart of the country has been shaken to its very foundations.' Before Winston Churchill opposed the present Government, he, at a meeting of the Bow and Bromley Conservative Association, commended certain utterances of Lord Rosebery, but said that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman 'had sat so long on the fence that the iron had entered into his soul.'

"A financial Minister has assured the Commons that 'the steps of the Government would go hand in hand with the interests of the manufacturer.' It was in the Lords that the Government were warned that the constitutional rights of the people were being 'trampled upon by the mailed hand of authority.'

"It was the late Sir George Campbell who said 'the pale face of the British soldier is the backbone of the British Empire,' and who said certain abuses in India were but a 'mere flea bite in the ocean,' as compared with others he could name. It was another friend of India who said: 'Pass the measure and the barren wells will become fertile valleys.' It was a loyal member who said: 'When I go wrong I look round and see our chief leading and I soon get right again.'

"But our Hibernian friends will be jealous if we credit them with nothing in this direction.

"Mr. Field of Dublin, when discussing a bill relating to the shipping of cattle

across the Irish Sea, begged the members 'not to look at the subject from a livestock point of view,' and it was he who said: 'The right honorable gentleman shakes his head—and I'm sorry to hear it.' He it was, too, who, when the Irish Land Bill was being pushed through, said: 'The time has now come, and is rapidly arising.' Another member in a late debate objected to 'introducing fresh matter already decided.' It was Mr. McHugh who declared the Government was 'ironbound with red tape,' but it was an opponent of Home Rule who regarded a certain concession as 'the first stitch in the dismemberment of the Empire.'

"But we must stop, or we shall have a repetition of the rebuke administered by a statesman of the Emerald Isle, who declared that 'there's no truth in half the lies told about the Irish.'"

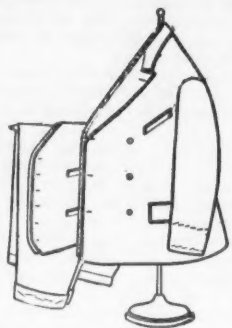
Interesting to Ladies.

The first issue of Corticelli Home Needlework for 1905 is now out, and an exceedingly attractive number it is. From cover to cover of its 96 pages, there is not a page that does not contain something of interest to the average woman. Among the principal features may be noted the exceedingly valuable contribution of A. L. Gorman, entitled *Hand Embroidery, as Applied to Costume Decoration; Handsome New Centerpieces*; and a very complete explanation of *Gitteryl Embroidery*, by Marie M. Koch. In addition to these there are numerous shorter articles, dealing with fancy work in all its various phases; and the whole book is replete with ideas and suggestions of the greatest importance to every lady interested in fancy work of any kind. The colored plates are exceptionally handsome in this number and the cover design is a real work of art. A copy of *Home Needlework* may be obtained by sending 15 cents to the Corticelli Silk Company, Limited, St. John's, P.Q., or a year's subscription costs 50 cents.

"I must congratulate you on your engagement," said the first sweet young thing. "I am so glad to have you for a sister-in-law." "But Mr. Toobe is not a brother of—?" "Not exactly. I promised, however, that I would be a sister to him."

Benevolent Party—Poor man—what's the matter with your hand? *Domain Dossier*—Broke me knuckles, mum, knockin' at people's doors askin' fer work!

"How do you like my hat?" "Splendid! Don't you remember I had one of them when they came out first?"



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Correspondence Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every
graphological study sent in. The Editor re-
quests correspondents to observe the following
rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be
answered in their order, unless under unusual
circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminiscences and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column
enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

GARRETT.—It is very good writing, with
power and self-reliance, a touch of pes-
simism, tenacity, rather prone to ideal-
ism, and attracted through the imagin-
ation. Writer should accomplish suc-
cess, and will do better should she cul-
tivate prudence and reticence. The
squandering of vital force is the worst
sort of spendthrift. August 20 brings
you under the declining influence of
Leo, a fire sign, and very prone to de-
velop impatience of law and order when
endowed with some of above character-
istics. At the same time, Leo, well mat-
tered, makes a noble study.

CANADIAN.—The latter part of May,
if after the 22nd, brings you under
Gemini, the June sign, whose element is
air, while May (Taurus) is an earth
month. Without the genuine date I pre-
fer not to risk your characteristics.
Your writing is strongly practical, just
and logical, and shows persistence and
generally a cautious and prudent ad-
vance. It is the hand of one circum-
scribed by conditions, probably commercial
life and business demands. Your
temper is good and your impulse gener-
ous. You have neat and careful method
and good ability. I think you have times
of despondency or feeling that you have
not achieved your aims. Don't let such
moods gain power. Perhaps your ob-
ject is not your best effort, and you will
learn by failure what you really can do.
It is a proper good school.

GERALDINE.—This study is far from
what it might be. The open "a" and "o"
signify the irresponsible method and
careless utterance which often make for
trouble. The backhand slant tens of in-
sincerity of thought and undue regard
for appearances. It is, however, an un-
mistakable hand, probably youthful and
undecided. There is clever and excellent
usage, the love of rule but not the
power, and an absence of sequence in
thought. The long lines as lines are a
weakness; so are all those unnecessary
lines with which you adorn your cap-
itals. You are quite careful of detail
and have considerable good material
needing direction.

M. A. D.—I have not a word of com-
fort, but one of serious warning. The
unknownness you confess to is a crime, no
matter how you may be provoked or
tried. It seems an outrageous one to
me, even though I might say I am not
"undersold," precisely as you are not
May I bring you under Taurus, a sign
very apt to develop into a grievance
bearer. There is no one so apt to nurse
a sense of being slighted or misunder-
stood so carefully as a Taurus person.
At the very outset of your note you
strike that horrid chord: "I am sure you
must be tired." Don't be sure of any-
thing you don't know the first thing
about! I am not at all tired of an-
swering correspondents. If I were I'd
stop it, for the work would be heartless
and worthless. The spirit of adventure
and enterprise is catching; one sister
would probably take it from seven bro-
thers. You have a good deal of con-
centration and are reasonably adapta-
ble. Instead of going out in the world,
could you not realize that not the world,
but yourself, is your educator? With
all your taste, your neat method, your
sensitivity and your self-will, you
should have your work cut out at home.
Yes, I shall find that word of comfort.
Once released from self, you will prob-
ably make fine progress. Get a broader
outlook, study the real things, and don't
fret and fume at time and space limita-
tions. Get above them, my girl.

HAZEL.—Unsigned portions of letters
are not delineated. The enclosure is an
exceedingly good study, and I should
have been glad to delineate it, if signed
and not written on ruled paper. Read
the rules.

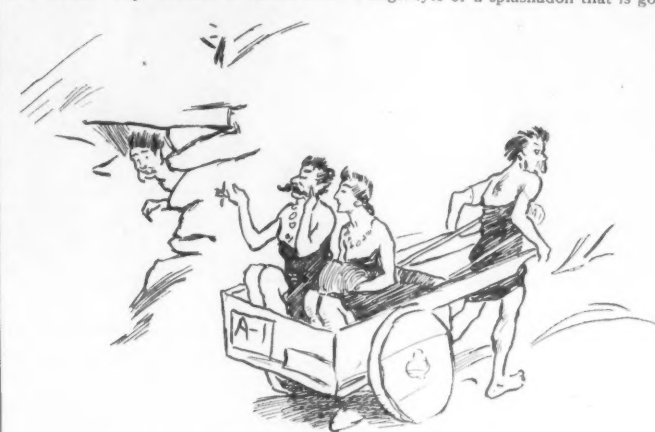
GRIZEL.—Your curiosity is pardonable
and just for fun I shall satisfy it by
telling you that although a woman's in-
tuition may be "the faculty by which
she knows a thing to be so, that isn't
so," you are right this time. The rules
request you to address "Correspondence
Column." Then why can you not do it?
Yours is a magnetic and enterprising
hand, full of capacity for accomplishing
great things. You can be influenced
through the emotional side of your na-
ture, and are susceptible to such influ-
ence, especially when wielded by a per-
son of the opposite sex. You like to
lead, and are practical and far-seeing,
and while undoubtedly gifted, may be a
bit too bound by precedent and conven-
tion. You could not love a man who
didn't cut his hair properly. You are
generally a good specimen of the Capri-
corn influence, January 19 leaving you
just within that sign, an earth sign, in-
tellectual and thoughtful. Capricorn
people are proud, high-minded, deter-
mined, independent, lovers of harmony
and beauty, but apt to live too much in
externals. They obey moods and are
nearly always subject to fits of depres-
sion. They abhor flattery, but appreci-
ate earned praise. The lessons needed
generally by Capricorn subjects are
silence, and deep meditation, and to over-
come the habit of unkind judgment.
There is something higher than intel-
lect, and morbid introspection is to be
avoided. Simple desires, natural be-
havior, great discretion in eating, are
some of the means to develop a splendid
Capricorn person. Saturn is the gov-
erning planet and the gems are white
onyx and moonstone. Your fussing

More Letters from Lithia.

MY DEAR PALEOLI,—I am
in receipt of your letter in-
forming me that as your
husband has suddenly be-
come rich, you do not care
henceforth to correspond with people of
my class. So pleased to have met you,
dear. If you will remember, it was you
that asked me to begin this correspond-
ence, because you were dull and lonely,
and couldn't go out of doors much be-
cause you had no clothes of your own,
and could only borrow a rabbit-skin

Only as far as you are concerned the
desired result would not be attained.
For whatever we may say against cats
they are not cannibals. They don't eat
each other. Do you see what I mean,
love?

If it comes to that we are quite as
good as you are anyway, if not better.
We are in a position to keep our own
steeds, and we frequently take a morn-
ing gallop in the Row. But we do not
put on airs on that account. After all,
a milgolyte or a splashadon that is good



As a matter of fact we keep our own charioteer.

cloak occasionally for the afternoons.
I'm sure I didn't want to write to you.
I have other things of far more import-
ance to do.

As your husband is so rich, perhaps
you can persuade him to hire somebody
by the hour to teach you how to spell.
I have seen people that wanted educat-
ing a little in this respect; but if there
is a prize being given away in your part
of the country for downright inferiority,
you'll win it easily. It'll be a bloom-
ing walk-over for you. I don't use language
of that sort as a rule, but I always did
believe in playing down to one's audi-
ence. Perhaps, as you're so rich, you
can now return the stone choppers and
food supplies that I have sent you from
time to time. If I have to come and
fetch them myself, it will probably bring
a little more excitement into your bright
young life than you are altogether pre-
pared for. Not know me, indeed! Why,
in this part of the country we keep
ladies of your sort to scare the birds out
of the cranberry fields.

I didn't know whether you're aware
of the fact or not, but Augustodon (that
is my husband) and I are also persons

enough to make an effective mount, is
not difficult to acquire. We purchased
ours for a few cranberries and rabbit-
skins; but there are people who go to
work more cheaply. I have heard of
ladies whose husbands have gone out in
the night and acquired a gee by the very
inexpensive method of pinching it from
a confiding neighbor. Of course, I mean
nothing personal. I merely mention
what I have heard. In our case we can
produce the written receipt to establish
our claims to the property, but all peo-
ple are not so precise about these things
as we are. You see my meaning, dearie,
I trust. I would like to make myself as
clear as possible without being abso-
lutely offensive; as, of course, there are
people who are so dense that they can't
see beyond the ends of their noses. And
if their understanding is on anything
like a par with their spelling, you may
expect the worst of them all the time.

Of course, in a way, I am pleased to
hear that you have made such a stylish
match. I didn't hear of anybody who
was at your wedding, but I wouldn't for
the world suggest that it hasn't taken
place as yet. Goodness knows I should



We frequently take a morning gallop in the Row.

of considerable means. We have had
our scuffle with fortune and we have
come out on top. But we are not get-
ting swelled heads over it like some
people I could mention, if I wanted to
be rude and offensive. As a matter of
fact we keep our own charioteer now,
and when we drive out and take the air
on Sunday afternoons we fairly knock
the street. Some people when they go
up in the world find it very convenient
to turn their backs upon persons with
whom they were once acquainted, es-
pecially when those persons happen to
be awkward creditors. I wonder what
the tradesmen in your part think about
it. Have you got so rich that you can-
not even acknowledge them and their
long outstanding accounts? Why, for
two pints, my good woman, I'd send
Augustodon over to make cats' meat of you
and your husband in a single round.

be the last to indulge in offensive in-
nuendoes, especially where such a per-
fect lady as yourself is concerned,
dearie!

I think, however, it is such a pity that
you didn't send me a piece of the wed-
ding-cake, because people about here do
talk so. I shouldn't like to repeat to
you the spiteful things I have heard.
But don't you worry about that, my
dear. You go right on in your great
and clinching triumph. Hold your head
as high as you like. And if one of these
fine mornings you hold your head so
high that you haven't noticed that you
have stepped over the edge of a precipi-
tation, no one will be more delighted than
your old and loving friend,

LITHIA.

(The Very End.)
—Pick-me-up.

When the Snow Falls.

John C. Johnson, the well-known
Philadelphia lawyer, was hastening
down Chestnut street on a snowy morn-
ing.

"Weather like this," he said, "reminds
me of an early case of mine. It was a
real estate case, a contention over the
ownership of a certain ten feet of
ground, and I was confident that we
should win, for all the facts and argu-
ments were on our side.

"Hence I was amazed when my client,
at the beginning of his cross-examina-
tion, was asked if he had not stated, as
late as the previous January, that the
disputed ten feet of ground did not be-
long to him, but to his adversary, the
next-door neighbor who was now fight-
ing his claim.

"Yes," my client answered, "I did state
that."

"This admission amazed me more than
ever, and I leaned forward in my chair,
wondering what would come next.

"In the presence of witnesses," said
the cross-examining lawyer, 'you de-
clared that these ten feet belonged, not
to you, but to Mr. Parks. Is that not
right?'"

"Quite right. Quite right, sir," said
my client.

"Then, after such an admission,"
shouted the lawyer, "how dare you—how
dare you, sir—come into this court and
claim the strip of land as your own?"

"Well," said my client, "it was just
after a heavy snowstorm that I said the
ten feet belonged to Neighbor Parks.
We were both shoveling off our pave-
ments at the time."

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1904.

Psychology of Revivals.

EVAN ROBERTS, a Welsh work-
ingman, who can scarcely speak
the English tongue, is now con-
ducting an extraordinary revival
in his native Wales. Thou-
sands of persons attend his meetings and
are quickly worked up to a pitch of in-
tense excitement. Roberts allows the
congregations to do as the spirit moves
them. In the middle of one of his ex-
hortations some one will spring up sing-
ing a hymn, the preacher and people
will join the chorus, and the harangue
will stop then and there. Groaning,
shouting, singing and capering enliven
the proceedings. Curiosity sends visit-
ors from all parts of England to view
the amazing demonstrations of the con-
verts.

"Antic religion of this sort is familiar
in some parts of America, particularly
among the negroes down South," says
the San Francisco Bulletin. "It has its
springs in depths of human nature
which the psychologists have not fully
explored. It presents an interesting
problem to students of mob or group
psychology. At times the infection
spreads over a community like a tidal
wave. Men and women who appear to
be of the most phlegmatic temperament
are seized on such occasions by this spe-
cies of dementia, and they give way to
the wildest emotions in the conviction
that they are burning with pentecostal
fire. Whether this emotion is due to hy-
steria or epilepsy or what not, it is hard-
ly fair to attribute it to the Holy Ghost.
As a religious influence it is not last-
ing, and there is a question whether even
while it lasts it is wholly sanctifying.
Certainly it is not essentially Christian,
for emotional orgies, under the patron-
age of religion, are common among the
heathen."

In a paper on "Revivalism and its
Results," in the same issue of the
Bulletin, Rev. F. B. Meyer says:
The remarkable religious move-
ment now on foot in Wales has
brought the whole subject of revivals
before the public. On all hands the
questions are being asked, '... nat atti-
tude are religious people to take to such
manifestations?' and 'Are the results
likely to be permanent?'"

This remarkable movement is by no
means unusual. Indeed, it would seem
that revivals return with a kind of peri-
odicity. In Wales, at least, they appear
to observe a cycle of fifty years. There
was one in 1750, another in 1800, a third
in 1850, and now a fourth in 1904. The
most remarkable of these was the first.
The central figure of it was Daniel
Rowlands of Llangeitho, a minister of
the Established Church—at least, in the
outset. Wherever he preached the
churches were crowded to suffocation.
The effect of his sermons was terrific,
and the impression produced on his
hearers was one of awe and distress.
It is said that under deep conviction
numbers of people lay down on the
ground in the churchyards, and it was
not easy for a person to pass by with-
out stumbling against them.

But these movements are not confined
to the Celts of Wales or Cornwall;
Scotland has been repeatedly swept by
them as by a prairie fire. About the
middle of the seventeenth century there
was a remarkable revival at Kirk of
Shotts, during a sermon by Mr. John
Livingston, chaplain to the Countess of
Wigton. It was computed that 500 per-
sons were converted in that service, and
many were stricken to the ground. In
1830 Dundee, Perth and the Tay-side
were swept by a similar and widespread
awakening, during which cries for
mercy broke into the course of the
sermons, and strong men in the prime
of life fell to the ground in uncontroll-
able emotion.

In the seventeenth century a great
revival broke out in Germany, which
originated in the teaching of Behmen,
Arnold and Muller, and was largely pro-
moted by the well-known Francke, who,
with his colleagues, did so much in the
cause of religion at Halle. It was a
great blessing to the nation as a set-off
against the cold orthodoxy that reigned
within the Lutheran Church, while
skepticism and infidelity were rife with-
out. The errors and extravagances that
marked its inception did not perman-
ently lessen its influence for good, and
passed away as the froth on the surface
of a mighty river.

In 1740 one of the greatest revivals
of modern times broke out in Northamp-
ton, in New England, U.S.A., under the
ministry of Rev. Jonathan Edwards,
who wrote a book on what he witnessed
during that wonderful period. Its pages
contain much that is very pertinent to
the phenomena occurring before our
eyes in Wales to-day.

It is the deliberate opinion of Mr.
Lecky that the career of the elder Pitt
and the splendid victories by land and
sea that were won during his Ministry,
must yield in real importance to that
religious revolution which began in

England by the preaching of Wesley
and Whitfield. But Methodism owed its
very existence to similar scenes to those
that are taking place at this hour in the
principality. These facts will serve to
show, that revivalism is as widespread
as Christianity.

A revival is generally characterized
by three features: First, a terrible con-
sciousness of sin, leading to excessive
distress of soul, and in many cases to
physical manifestations, such as death-
like swoons; secondly, a sudden transi-
tion into a new world of ecstatic joy,
and, thirdly, a very marked ethical
transformation, so that old things become
entirely away, and all things become
new. Quarrels are reconciled, debts are
paid, bad habits are laid aside, the lion
becomes a lamb, and the man who
seemed possessed with a legion of evil
spirits is rendered sane, quiet and well
disposed.

Professor Starbuck of Stanford Uni-
versity has made these stages of sudden
conversion his special study. The fol-
lowing instances are from his interest-
ing collection:

"One morning being in deep distress,
fearing every moment that I should
drop into hell, I was constrained to cry
for mercy, and the Lord came to my re-
lief. . . . I cannot express how I felt.
It was as if I had been in a dark dun-
geon and lifted into the light of the sun.
I wept and laughed alternately; I
was as light as if walking on air."
Another says: "I fell on my face and
tried to pray. . . . The very heavens
seemed to open and pour down rays of
light and glory. Oh, how I was
changed, and everything had become
new! My horses and dogs and every-
body around me seemed changed."

The whole subject of sudden conver-
sion under strong revival influences has
been treated exhaustively by Dr. Wil-
liam James of Harvard University, in
his remarkable lectures on "Varieties of
Religious Experience." If we may sum
up his conclusions in a single sentence,
the following may be taken as a suffi-
ciently accurate epitome. He holds that
the whole phenomenon of regeneration,
even in these startling instantaneous ex-
amples, is largely a strictly natural pro-
cess, divine in its fruits, but neither
more nor less so than any other process
of man's interior life. Why should not
the impact of soul on soul, the pro-
cesses of thought-suggestion and
thought-transference, the wireless tele-
graphy by which we consciously and un-
consciously affect each other, afford the
medium by which the Divine Spirit, who,
though He works sovereignly, always
acts according to law and method, pro-
duces wonderful changes on the whole
equilibrium of the inner life?

This would account to some extent
for the facts as we know them. Here
is a young minor-student, who for thir-
teen months, in an agony of desire,
seeks the saturation of his nature with
the Divine and Eternal Spirit; and who
suddenly becomes conscious that his 're-
sires have been fully met and satisfied.'
Instantly he is able to exert an alto-
gether novel and unprecedented effect
on others. Why should this be deemed
incredible? He is enthused, and can
enthus. He is glowing with the sacred
fire—surely he can communicate it. He
sees, and can make others see. The at-
mosphere which such a soul carries with
it is in startling contrast to the ordinary
life of men. As they are brought into
touch with it they are made aware of
evils which they had not realized or had
condoned; they restrain their emotion
till it is uncontrollable, and then its sud-
den emission causes strong physical ef-
fects; but, finally, the sublime impulse
issues in a transformed experience.

The supreme test is the ethical re-
sults. At first they are clean cut and
decisive, and if proper means are taken
to encourage and nourish the soul in its
upward movement, a strong and noble
character will ultimately emerge. Pro-
fessor Starbuck's conclusion is that the
effect of conversion is to bring with it
"a changed attitude toward life, which
is fairly constant and permanent, al-
though the feelings fluctuate."

If I were to describe the process of
sudden conversion, I should say that it
is the sudden awakening of the human
soul to the divine in life, made real
through contact with another soul that
has realized it in a very large and in-
tense measure. There is no need for
prolonged exhortation or speech when
such is the case, and it is not difficult
to credit the accounts which come to
hand of the results of personal testi-
mony, a quotation or a burst of singing.
The eyes of the whole country are
turned to Wales, wondering where-
this thing may grow; and very great
responsibility attaches to the leaders of
the movement to repress where possible
needless extravagances, and to guide the
young converts to such channels of
Christian service and church life as will
conserve for the longest and best service
these tumultuous waters.

The Younger (ending the argu-
ment)—But when all's said and done, mar-
riage is the happier state. The El-
der (gloomily)—Maybe when all's said and
done; but there's so much to say and
it's so long being done.

Guest (admirably)—So your wife
pointed all this lovely china? Mr. Naggs
—Oh, yes. Guest (interestedly)—And
is she successful in firing it? Mr. Naggs
(instinctively dodging)—Oh, perfectly!
Maria seldom misses anything.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

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Drama.

WE have been honored during the past week by a visit from Sir Charles Wyndham, and Toronto theatergoers have been quick to take advantage of the opportunity afforded, by his half-week engagement at the Princess Theater, to judge for themselves the acting of one who has heretofore been known here by reputation only, but who—if his speech on Monday night is any indication—is likely to be a regular visitor to Canada in future. His presentation of *David Garrick*, although apparently enjoyed by the large audience that greeted the actor-knight on Monday evening, was a distinct disappointment to those who knew just how much can be got out of the part. In presenting this play, Sir Charles invited comparison with another talented English actor, and it must be admitted, in all fairness, that Wyndham's impersonation of the character is inferior to that of Mr. E. S. Willard. Robbed of the tradition that has handed it down from a past generation, as the greatest role of one of the great actors of the day, Sir Charles' *Garrick* does not impress one as a marvelous piece of acting by any means. Clever and subtle, it undoubtedly is—technically the impersonation is well-nigh perfect—but it lacks the virile force and light-hearted buoyancy that Mr. Willard uses to such good effect in his delineation. Moreover, it must be confessed that Sir Charles is a bit too far past middle age to act convincingly a part that requires him to depict the ardor or love that possesses the soul of *Garrick*, and forms the key-note of the plot. The play itself is becoming pretty well worn, and we can get along very nicely if it is never presented in Toronto again. It is only an occasional genius like Shakespeare that can create plays that remain fresh for any great length of time, and *Garrick* certainly is not one of these. To a modern audience the action seems stiff and the sequence of events too obvious. Indeed, its long life and continued use can only be attributed to the fact that it is a one-act play such as great actors love to retain in their repertoires, affording them, as it does, a large share of the front of the stage, and an excellent opportunity to display their talents. Miss Mary Moore, whom the bill-boards announced in type almost as large as that used for the star's name, was far from satisfactory in the part of *Ada Ingot*. It is a thankless part at best, but for an actress of Miss Moore's standing, that lady made about as bad a mess of it as can well be imagined. In the first act, she gave us a hint of her capabilities in the line of comedy, but after that her acting was almost a jarring note in an otherwise harmonious production—a production, by the way, which was especially praiseworthy as to scenery and costumes, and distinguished by excellent character acting in the minor parts, notably that of *Alderman Ingot*, so excellently impersonated by Mr. Al. Bishop. If *Garrick* was a disappointment, *Mrs. Goringe's Necklace*, which was presented on Tuesday evening, and *The Case of Reckless Susan* on Wednesday evening, were no less delightful surprises. The clever comedy from the pen of Hubert Henry Davies, which is the latest play produced by Sir Charles, entitles its young author to rank among the leading playwrights of his time. The plot is ordinary enough, having for its basis that old theme, grand larceny, but so clever are the situations developed, and so replete with wit is the dialogue, that we are ready to allow this promising young author the most tawdry of themes to work on, if only he can continue to work so admirably as he has on this one. The necklace is stolen (of course everyone had previously guessed that was what happened to it), and the theft takes place in the house of a *Mrs. Jardin*, who has staying with her *Captain Mowbray*, *Mrs. Goringe* and *David Cairn*. It is the latter young gentleman who has purchased the jewels, in order to pay his gambling debts. But when *Mrs. Goringe's* loss is discovered, the detective who is called in is led, by a chain of circumstantial evidence, to suspect the *Captain*. The play hinges on the fact that both *Mowbray* and young *Cairn* are in love with the same girl, and that young lady takes it into her foolish little head to marry *Cairn*, a weak degenerate, with the hope of reforming him. The marriage takes place secretly, and *Mowbray* only learns of it after he himself has been accused of the theft. On learning that the girl he loves is already married to his young friend *Cairn*, the *Captain*, in a splendid scene, reconsiders his former intention to apprise the girl of his rival's guilt, and takes the blame upon himself. The situation is saved by the real culprit's awakening to a sense of his unworthiness, and shooting himself. A synopsis of the play sounds like cheap melodrama; whereas the handling of this old idea in play-making is in reality so novel and refined as to raise it to a much higher plane. Mr. Davies has that rare gift among modern playwrights—the ability to construct life-like characters; and he is particularly successful in depicting the weakness and vanity of a well-known type of modern society woman. His *Cynthia*, so exquisitely acted here last year by Miss Margaret Anglin, was an evidence of this; and in the part of *Mrs. Goringe* we have a character that is in some degree a counterpart of the more lovable, if less humorous, *Cynthia*. *Mrs. Goringe's Necklace* is by no means a great play, but its action is smooth, its plot coherently developed and enthralling, and it sparkles throughout its four acts with delightful touches of pure comedy. All this combines to make it a worthy vehicle for the display of the great talent that is exhibited throughout Sir Charles Wyndham's company. The eminent actor himself showed up to much better advantage in the part of *Captain Mowbray* than in *David Garrick*. The play affords him some good situations, which are taken full advantage of, as indeed is every line of the play. But there is more than that to be said of his impersonation. He endows it with a certain dignity that few, if any, living actors could bring to the part, and succeeds in building up a sensible, manly and likable character that will live long in the memory of those who witnessed the performance. As *Mrs. Goringe*, Mary Moore deserves high praise. The very slight hint given, in *David Garrick*, of her ability as a comedienne, scarcely prepared us for her brilliant bit of acting in the modern play.



"WISH I WAS A DOG."—Life.

Lacking the important advantage of beauty, and handicapped by a far from pleasing voice, she nevertheless makes the part of *Mrs. Goringe* stand out as a prominent feature of the play—which it would not be in the hands of an ordinary actress—and by her unexpectedly clever acting made the audience see the very dots on the "i's" in the really humorous lines which fell to her lot. An excellent foil for the absurd and inconsequential *Mrs. Goringe* is afforded in the character of *Mrs. Jardin*, in which part Miss Vane Featherston must be credited with a splendid bit of character work. Miss Lilius Waldegrave, as the girl *Isabel*; Mr. Charles Quartermaine as *David Cairn*, and Mr. Alfred Bishop as *Colonel Jardin*, displayed that high order of talent that we have come to expect in the support of the English stars that visit this continent. In fact, a more capable and evenly-balanced company has seldom been seen in Toronto.

Thomas E. Shea is appearing at the Grand Opera House this week with an excellent selection of well-known plays. On Monday Mr. Shea produced Sir Henry Irving's favorite, *The Bells*, and on other nights this week he will present *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *Othello*, and a new and romantic play entitled *Banished by the King*. Mr. Shea is a finished actor free from staginess natural and convincing; his support is good, and, judging by the houses, he should have a good week.

There is a fair bill at Shea's this week. The Kauffman Troupe of cyclists are sensational and do some really wonderful feats. *The Sunny South* is presented by a number of genuine darkies; theirs is a singing and dancing act and quite pleasing. A comedy sketch presented by Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry is entitled *A Skin Game*, in which some funny work is done. Bedini and Arthur juggle admirably and at the same time are humorous. *The Babes in the Jungle* is an original turn. Howard's dogs and ponies are well trained and seem to please. Vera King is a rather clever monologist and singer and her well-gowned charming appearance adds to the pleasure of the turn. Dixon and Anger appear in a talking act and succeed fairly well. The kinetograph completes the bill.

New York Letter.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)
LUCKY DURHAM has proved a most unlucky find for Mr. E. S. Willard, unless the public, as sometimes happens, shows a perverseness that turns into a financial success what is already a flat-footed failure, from any dramatic, literary, or artistic standpoint. It will certainly need some such defiance of all the accepted canons of the stage to pull the piece through the season successfully.

When a popular, charming, gifted actor like Mr. Willard, with all the accessories of a fine stage presence, a splendid voice, a perfect command of his artistry, barely succeeds in saving his audience from utter boredom, the kind of play *Lucky Durham* is may be imagined. It deals only with the trite, the obvious, and the commonplace, and there is not a sentiment in it less than a hundred years old by the clock.

When we hear a lover apostrophized as "essentially a man" and the theory of reincarnation ventured as the explanation of the affinity she discovers in herself toward him; and when, what are intended for neat epigrams, prove no better than silly little compliments to "Americans" (in fact, "for export" is branded all over the piece), there is nothing to do but yawn. *Rip Van Winkle*, coming down from the mountain after his twenty years' nap, could not have been more hopelessly out of touch with contemporary thought than was Mr. Wilson Barrett when he wrote this play.

We are reminded in a dozen ways, at least, during the first act, that *Lord Mountfalcon* is the illegitimate father of *John Durham*, when any one of the hints is broad enough to let a yoke of oxen through. And it is society's attitude toward this worthy, but "illegitimate" son, expressed in long, stale speeches, that provides most of the stage conversation.

There is hardly a convincing moment in the whole two hours and a half. Indeed, how could a plot, to avenge the "wrong" done to one's mother thirty years before, carry conviction in this day and age? What is there to avenge in the lot of a mother, happy in her surroundings, rich in the possession of a devoted, successful son, her secret known only to herself? The climax is the limit of bathos. The mortgage on the Mountfalcon estate has been foreclosed and *John Durham* is the owner. His life's dream of making his mother mistress of Mountfalcon Castle is realized, but just at this moment of success the forgiving one enters and says, "Don't do it, John." And John doesn't. He makes *Lord Mountfalcon* a present of the estate, notwithstanding that he has once gambled it away, and that *Durham* has just paid a few odd hundred thousand pounds for it.

Mr. Willard did all he possibly could do with the part, all that any one could do, in fact. He rose to every dramatic occasion with perfect ease and splendor, while shades of *The Cardinal*, *The Middleman* and *Judith* flitted across our vision. For the rest of the time he simply loafed or tried his best to look engaging and charming. There was nothing else he could do. The smile that took the audience into his fullest confidence, suggesting subtle terms of intimacy, was sweetness itself, and only perplexed us the more, as to his own mental attitude toward his lines. It is impossible that one of his brains should be deceived in the quality of his offering, and there is, therefore, only left the suspicion that something akin to chivalry toward a lovable fellow actor, whatever his ability as a playwright, prompted the effort.

A splendid first night audience was on hand to greet this



"GO WHERE GLORY WAITS YOU!"

Governor of Madagascar (anxious to speed the lingering guest)—"Must you stay? Can't you go?"—Punch.

old English favorite, and his first entrance (by the way, how those entrances were made ready—for Barrett!) was the signal for a fine burst of applause. But it only emphasized the sadness and disappointment, that an actor of Mr. Willard's parts, whom we are always anxious to see, should be wasted on such an impossible play.

Its impossibility in New York has been admitted, and this week Mr. Willard presents a play new to this city, but already given in Toronto under the title of *The Optimist*, an adaptation, you will remember, of Alfred Capus' *La Châtelaine*. This play is now to be called *The Brighter Side*, and while it does not provide a rôle equal to some of Mr. Willard's better known parts, it will be a very agreeable change from *Lucky Durham*, and should prove the popular new York success that Mr. Willard hopes for.

New plays are to follow, among them a new version of *Tom Cullen's* *Later*, rewritten by the author, wherein Mr. Willard will double the parts of an old miser and his devoted servant.

Mr. Edward Terry has been appearing this week in still another comedy, *Love in Idleness*, a product of the united literary efforts of Louis N. Parker, E. J. Goodman, and Mr. Terry himself. This is the comedy that by Royal command was played before their Majesties the King and Queen (then their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales) at Sandringham, Mr. Terry appearing in his original character of *Mortimer Fendlebury*. The quaint little comedy has succeeded in providing Mr. Terry with an excellent part, out as a play it is somewhat thin, falling far short of *The House of Burnside* or even *Sweet Lavender*.

Mortimer Fendlebury is a very lovable fellow, but, through his disposition to procrastinate and take life in comfortable naps, he not only misses opportunities for himself, but places his relatives and friends in rather embarrassing situations. His attempts to retrieve himself, however, and cultivate the strenuous, only result in still worse mischief, and after one "busy" day in town, he returns to his cottage at Marlow-on-Thames to bask again in the warm sunshine and—in the love of the woman he had lost in his younger days. For in this, as in all comedy, everything is arranged to the ultimate satisfaction and delight of everybody. Even "Lone Reef" shares that the old procrastinator neglected to sell when he could, following the rising barometer of happiness, leap from sixpence to twenty pounds a share, and net the holder a tidy little fortune.

Mortimer's day of "strenuous life" in town, set to a comic time-table was a humorous reflection on contemporary life, say, in strenuous New York, where the task itself is often slight enough—Lord knows!—but where the effort to properly energize oneself for it is truly nerve-racking. The result is that condition of mind we observe as basyness. Busy, busy, busy. Too busy to eat, too busy to be civil, too busy even to work!

The old Madison Square Theater, that has remained dark since the fire scare of a year ago, was re-opened to the public this week, and in its garb of new paint and new plush has added another to the many attractive theaters in this City of Theaters. It was always a cozy house, and the restful tone of its decoration, in golden brown, only adds to this general feeling of cosiness. As long as the management, too, provides such an excellent company of players as are now playing *Mrs. Temple's Telegram*, there need be no doubt that this theater, with all its delightful old associations, will be speedily restored to public favor. It is out of the dust, but, happily, in that movement toward high-class stock companies, for which theater-lovers have long been sighing.

The exploitation of fifth magnitude "stars," with the many sad efforts to enhance their doubtful luminosity, by flaming advertisement and dazzling limelight, has now had its day, let us hope. For, with the restoration of the stock company and the days of repertory, may come some serious (not serio-comic!) attempt to qualify as actors, in place of this modern, corset-fitting process, which consists in sending its bust and waist measure, in a carriage, and leaves the playwright to do the rest. You will have an illustration of the process in Toronto this week. Only, in the present instance, you have the corset of no less renowned a maker than Mr. I. Zangwill.

Mrs. Temple's Telegram is a jolly little farce made up of clever, possible, situations, and in the hands of this exceptionally good company, provides an excellent entertainment. *Mr. Jack Temple* has been out all night. Machinery went wrong in the Ferris wheel and his car stuck in mid-air. You smile at the invention, so did *Mrs. Temple*, or would have had she been less angry, and *Jack Temple*, realizing that truth this time was stranger than any fiction, fell back on fiction. He substitutes a story of a night in the country with an old friend, missing the last train to town and finding the telegraph office closed. On a quite literally, cross-examination, it developed that the friend was *John Brown*, Elm avenue, Pickleton, and *Mrs. Temple*, anxious to prove her husband innocent (?), secretly despatched a telegram to the fictitious name and address. *Temple* discovers this, and his old friend, *Frank Fuller*, arriving in the nick of time, undertakes to impersonate the spurious *Brown*, convince *Mrs. Temple*, and restore the family happiness.

Unfortunately for the success of the impromptu plot, there happened to be a real *John Brown* at Elm avenue, Pickleton, and a very real *Mrs. Brown*. These supplied the broader elements of the farce. The real *John Brown* was a hair-dresser in a city establishment, and for the further probability of things had sometimes dressed *Mrs. Temple's* hair. Her infatuation, committed to the urgency of a telegram, he understood at once. So did *Mrs. Brown*, who finds the telegram in her husband's desk. They both arrive at the *Temple* home, 99 Curzon street, Mayfair, London, and the complications that result are all very funny.

Mr. Frank Worthing, who was Julia Marlowe's lead a couple of seasons ago, gave a really capital performance of *Jack Temple*, proving himself a thoroughly finished and refined actor. He ought to be well to the front in the younger school of actors.

Mr. William Morris, who is already well known on the local stage, made a real hit as *Frank Fuller*, and every other member of the cast has been chosen and fitted with such perfect nicety, that "finish" is the rare and distinguishing quality of the whole performance. It is a pleasure to record anything that reaches such a high level of excellence. A little less high, of course, than Arnold Daly's or Mrs. Fiske's companies, but the fact that its work can be thought of in the same connection as the others is sufficient praise, perhaps, for the modest company of Madison Square Theater.

Madame Réjane delighted us with another short visit this week, appearing in *Ma Cousine*, *La Passerelle*, *L'Hirondelle*, *Camille*, and *Zaza*—a series of six farewell performances prior to her return to France. The new Liberty was the most available play-house, and the fashionable audiences that attend on this queen of the comedy stage taxed its capacity to the utmost.

Madame thought that one of the Toronto papers seemed rather disappointed that she did not play in English. She also thinks you are all very nice, and only wishes there were more of you.

The only new announcement for the coming week, in addition to the change already mentioned in Mr. Willard's bill, is that of Ada Rehan in classical repertoire. *Taming of the Shrew* will occupy the boards for the first part of the engagement, to be followed by this actress' still more famous rôle of *Lady Teazle* in *School for Scandal*.

Rumor has it that Mr. Arnold Daly will later on produce *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. It is a startling rumor, to say the least, and the advent of this woman on an actual stage will be viewed with quite as much alarm as interest.

It is, undoubtedly, a screamingly funny comedy, and the properly, or, to be less dogmatic, let us say, thoroughly sophisticated conscience, will take nothing but enjoyment out of it. But, alas! how many are we. Since my first reading of the comedy, I have mentally cast Mrs. Fiske for the title rôle, just as many others have no doubt done, and I can't yet think of another quite equal to all the demands of the delicate part. A rôle so *risqué* will need the sure touch of a finished artist. Surrounded, as Mrs. Fiske is, by the best acting company in New York, what a production she could give us! Arnold Daly can also produce it none better, but where is *Mrs. Warren* to be found? J. E. W.

Old Rocksey—If I let you marry my daughter I'd have to support both of you. *Jack Harduppe*—I don't see how that would make any difference to you, sir. Your daughter has often told me that two can live for the same as one.

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Social and Personal.

Admiral Sir Arthur Knyvet Wilson and the Misses Knyvet Wilson announce the marriage of their cousin, Miss Edith Alicia St. Lawrence Wilson, to Mr. Arthur Maximilian Bethune. The marriage took place on Saturday, January 21, at Swaffham, Norfolk, England. Toronto friends of Mrs. Bethune and her brother, Mr. Arthur Wilson, recently ordered to England by the Bank of Commerce, on whose staff he was here, will send hearty congratulations to the bride on hearing of her happy marriage.

Mr. H. D. P. Armstrong left on Monday for England. The marriage of Miss Helen Armstrong, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, and Mr. Harrison Jones, son of Mr. Clarkson Jones of Queen's Park, takes place on the 22nd. Mr. George Thorneycroft of Dunstan Hall, North Stafford, England, will give the wedding and breakfast. Mr. Jones and his bride will sail on February 24 for Uruguay, where Mr. Jones has received the appointment of railway electrical engineer on a new road.

The dance given by the sergeants of the 48th Highlanders in McConkey's ball-room on Friday last was quite a brilliant affair, the officers and their friends turning out in numbers on the invitation of the non-coms, and the handsome uniforms of the corps giving a dash to the *mise en scene*. Some of the officers made up a very jolly party of twenty-two, for dinner at McConkey's, and afterwards for the dance, among them being Major Robertson, Major and Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton, and their hosts, Major Michie, Mrs. Cowan and the Misses and Messrs. Michie, Miss Edith Melvin-Jones and Miss Grace McFavish, Miss Phemie Smith, Lieutenant and Mrs. Wilson, Captain and the Misses Cosby, Dr. Duncan McLennan, and two or three others.

The table was brilliant with daisies and bright red ribbons, and the informal little feast was very much enjoyed. At the hour appointed His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Elise Clark, attended by Commander Law, A.D.C., entered the ball-room to the strains of the national anthem. The entrance of the officers and non-commissioned officers was a grand march gone through with all the dash and color which the handsome uniforms and beautiful dresses of the company could lend. As Mortimer Clark wore white satin with small red and pink roses on corsage and coiffure, Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Hospital Sergeant Ross and Sergeant-Major Kirkness received the guests. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald wore white satin with applications of fine white lace, and some handsome jewels. Colonel and Mrs. Davidson were also among the guests, the ex-commander of the splendid regiment looking his very best in the kilts, and his lady in a smart white gown. With them came Miss Homer Dixon in a pretty black dress, Mrs. W. Hendrie of Hamilton was in white and black, and with her stalwart husband, Major Hendrie, wore a fine couple. Miss Melvin-Jones wore a pretty green flowered gown, touched with paillettes, and looked very well in it. Miss Phemie Smith was in cream, looking dainty as usual. Mrs. Cowan looked lovelier than ever and the Misses Michie all that was smart and happy. Two honored guests were a past president of St. Andrew's Society, Dr. Kennedy, and Mrs. Kennedy, who watched the Scotch dances with much pleasure. When the Government House party said good-night at half-past eleven, the stalwart officers and men gathered at the ball-room doors and gave them three rousing cheers as a send-off. Supper was served at twelve o'clock in the cafe, and a very nice supper it was. The dance went with a *verve* not often seen, and the Scotchmen may put "another feather in their bonnets" on the success of it. The best of good feeling was shown on all sides; the hosts were proud of their guests, and vice versa.

On Thursday evening, February 2, the sergeants of the Queen's Own Rifles gave their annual dance in the Temple ball-room, and the colonel and his handsome wife, who wore a lovely gown of black lace appliqued with velvet, and several of the officers and their wives honored the young men's very jolly ball. Mrs. Davidson and Mrs. James George were very prettily gowned in black *point d'esprit* and lace. Mrs. Mason was in white, a becoming and smart gown. The Q.O.R. band played most inspiring music, one two-step recalling a piece made familiar by the famous buglers of the regiment, and being a real "grave opener," as an enthusiast remarked. The smart riflemen were out in great force, and any number of pretty girls were of the party. The regimental red and rifle green were used in the decorations, and the dais was ambushed in fine palms, behind which light-tinted robes were dimly visible. Supper was nicely served in the usual room, and afterwards the dance was renewed with much vigor.

One of last week's pleasant affairs was Mrs. Acton Burrows' matinee bridge for her guest, Mrs. W. Sherar Grant of Winnipeg, which was followed by a tea, augmented by some more guests, who enjoyed half an hour in the hospitable home. Miss Blair Burrows and Miss Annie Michie poured tea and waited on the company.

People who came late found a tremendous crowd at Mrs. Hagarty's tea on Thursday, February 2, the various bridge parties all over town contributing tardy guests, so that it became difficult for the hostess to know whether she were welcoming the coming or speeding the parting guest. Mrs. Hagarty received in a handsome grey gown, with white lace, steel and jet trimmings. Miss Sophie, who received with her mother, wore pale blue, and deep red roses. All through the suite of rooms and hall were quantities of flowers and in the dining-room a veritable "rose-bud garden of girls" surrounded the tea-table and glided among the throng with ices and dainties of all

sorts. The waitresses were the Misses Hagarty, Miss Phillips, Miss Pearl Macdonald, the Misses Nordheimer of Gleneddy, Miss Edith Harman, Miss Murray, Miss Waldie of Glenhurst, Miss Kingsford, Miss Darling of Ravensmount, Miss Strathy, Miss Biscoe of Guelph. The very large number of guests precludes mention of them, but they were a very happy party.

Swami Abhedananda, whose lecture on Friday night filled the Conservatory Music Hall with an audience not to be easily matched for culture and broad thought, met with much attention during his visit of four days in Toronto. He visited Trinity College and conversed with the Chancellor and the Provost, and had an interesting talk with Professor Clark also. He was entertained at a most delightful supper on Sunday night, and though his abstemious diet did not always permit of his joining in feasts, his brilliant mind and ready expression always invested these gatherings of friends with special interest and significance. Mr. Godfrey of Pearson avenue and Professor Mavor had the Swami for dinner and afternoon tea on Saturday, and on Thursday night he was with the University Historical Club at Professor Wrong's. There is every likelihood that he will again be invited to visit and lecture in Toronto. On Monday Swami Abhedananda left for a day at Niagara, and returned to New York in the evening.

Miss Elsie Willmore, a beautiful girl from Montreal, arrived on Tuesday on a visit to her cousin, Miss Enid Wornum. Miss Willmore will attend the gay functions of next week and stop over for the Yacht Club ball, the climax of this very brilliant season.

Never has St. Valentine's day been looked forward to with the same interest and enthusiasm as this year, for the young world is all agog over the paper ball which is to celebrate the fourteenth of February. Day by day, the "possibilities of paper" are being developed. I saw a dream of a frock to be worn by a sweet Scotch lassie, the other day, representing a thistle, flower and leaves, quite the daintiest thing one could wish to wear. There are to be eight of these Scotch thistles in a set, and the brave men who dare the wounds of the thorns are, needless to say, to be eight gallant knights!

Mrs. Hertzberg of the Junction gave a very pleasant little tea to some of her young friends on Wednesday afternoon of last week. Some of those present were: Mrs. and Miss Enid Going, Miss Kitchies, the Misses Manson, Miss Rogers, Miss Freda Johnston, Miss Alice DuVernet, Miss May Jennings.

Mrs. A. B. Barry of Spadina avenue was the hostess of a "Mikado" tea on Friday afternoon. The hostess received her guests in the drawing-room, gowned in grey voile over violet tulle, trimmed with white lace, and a bunch of violets at the corsage. The dining-room was charmingly arranged into a genuine Japanese tea-room. The table was done with handsome yellow silk centerpiece, embroidered in silk and gold, and an old silver epergne stood in the center, filled with Japanese primroses and ferns wreathed in English ivy, the whole shaded softly with a large candelabra of Japanese lights. Those who assisted at the table were Mrs. Allan, Miss Armstrong, the Misses Ross and Miss Marie Hearn, all gowned in silk kimono. The guests were: Mrs. John McClelland, Mrs. Mason, the Misses Mason, Mrs. Charles Ricketts, Mrs. Philip Dykes, Mrs. Wilton Eddis, the Misses Eddis, Mrs. J. A. Ready, the Misses Ready, Mrs. G. P. Scholfield, Mrs. Charles Brooke, Miss Whittemore, Mrs. R. F. Massie, Mrs. Hewes Oliphant, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. Willmott, Mrs. Ritchie, Mrs. Halliday Watt, Mrs. George Ross, the Misses Cresswell, Mrs. T. B. Tindall, Mrs. W. H. Thorne, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. F. Grant Miller, Miss Miller and others.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Givin, late of 853 Bathurst street, are now settled at the "Waverly," 484 Spadina avenue, for the winter. Mrs. Alexander Macpherson (Mrs. Givin's mother) is at present visiting a sister (Mrs. John Cunningham) at Huntingdon, P.Q. Later on she will join Mr. Macpherson in Ottawa, where they will reside. Mr. Macpherson has a position in connection with the Georgian Bay ship canal survey.

The cost of electric lighting in a large city must necessarily be greater than in a small town on account of the greater cost of distribution, etc., but it is safe to say that a house can be lighted more cheaply in Toronto than in any city of similar size in America.

The citizens of Toronto are coming more and more to realize the truth of this and every available wireman in the city is in consequence kept busy installing wires for electric lighting purposes.

How Famous Criminals Began.

THE following account of the first steps in the several notorious criminal lives was given in London *Answers*: Druscovitch, the famous detective, once declared that while it was wonderful how some of the famous criminals he captured had become criminals, there were others who appeared as if they could never have been anything else. The first step in crime was made by persons of the first class under the most various circumstances—passion, temptation, despair—but by the persons of the second class through what seemed sheer criminal instinct.

Many of the most notorious wrongdoers have, if their own impressions are to be relied on, been tempted to launch into crime by the most accidental circumstances. "Jim the Penman," the great forger, whose forgeries created a panic among London bankers for several years, and who was at last brought to justice by the confessions of two of his accomplices, when he was condemned

to penal servitude for life said that the idea of forgery never occurred to him till it was suggested by the chance remark of a casual acquaintance whom he met in a London restaurant where he was dining.

The stranger chanced to allude to a forgery that had been committed, and remarked how clever a penman must be to be able to imitate a signature so closely that a skilled bank-clerk could not distinguish the forgery from the real one. "Jim" thought it would be easy, and pen, ink, and paper were brought for him to try his hand at imitating the stranger's signature. The result was so wonderful that the stranger remarked:

"You possess a dangerous gift, sir. A man might be tempted with it to do much at a pinch."

Till that moment "Jim the Penman"—then James Seward, the barrister, desperately in want of money—declared he had never thought of forgery as a means of livelihood. The words rang in his ears as a revelation of how he might gain thousands. He became the cleverest forger of modern times.

A man does not become a coiner all at once. It requires long, laborious and constant practice to acquire the proficiency to turn out base money which will pass undetected from hand to hand. But the most casual chance has led men to adopt coining as a means of preying on their fellows.

Woodstock, the coiner, samples of whose marvelous work are to be seen in the Black Museum at Scotland Yard, was, as a young fellow, a tailor's assistant. One Saturday afternoon he was in a public-house in the South of London, with the girl to whom he was engaged. Upon her leaving, a stranger remarked to Woodstock how pretty she was, and jokingly asked when the wedding was to be. Woodstock laughed at that there was not much chance of that happening for a long time. His meagre wages forbade the hope. The stranger was Draker, a coiner, and he hinted that if Woodstock—such a nice-faced, respectable-looking young fellow—was poor it was his own fault.

Draker had heaps of bad money he wanted passing. Woodstock was tempted, and, after a struggle with himself, consented to take some of the coins. He found them so defective, however, that they were difficult to pass, and he criticized Draker's work so severely that Draker invited him to "see if he could do better himself," and he would teach him all he knew. Woodstock easily surpassed his master. He had a wonderful gift for delicate manual work, and a brain to discover new methods. His "den," when he was at last run down by Inspector Fox, was found fitted with all the latest scientific machines that could be applied to counterfeit coining.

In the famous case of Martin Guerre, the launching on a criminal course was the result of an extraordinary chance and a sudden resolve. Martin Guerre was a soldier, and was mortally wounded in a skirmish in the north of France. Among his comrades was a man remarkably like him, and with whom Guerre had contracted a great friendship. The two used to be always together, and enjoyed the joke of their strange resemblance. Guerre's double was with him when he was dying, and Guerre, with his last breath, begged his comrade to carry some little trinkets he had to his wife at home. The double assented, and proceeded to fulfil his promise faithfully.

When he arrived at the village on his mission he learned that Guerre's wife had, during her husband's absence in the war, come into some little property through the death of a relation. He began to envy Martin Guerre's lot if he had lived. When the villagers saw him they began to exclaim, "Here's Martin Guerre!" By the time he arrived at the cottage door he had decided to act Martin's part, provided the dead man's wife was deceived by his similarity to her husband. She was, and the impostor took Martin Guerre's place. The wife only discovered the truth some twelve months later by the absence from the impostor's arm of a scar which Martin had borne.

Alice Grey, the girl impostor, who used to make a livelihood by accusing men of robbing her, and inciting all the spectators, the police, the Bar, and people in court to make subscriptions for her, while by her false accusations innocent persons were branded as thieves and condemned to jail, said that it was a pure accident which launched her on her horrible career. She really lost her purse one day at a railway station, and burst into tears on discovering her loss.

Alice Grey was so pretty, and sobbed so nicely, that a score of people were at once anxious to assist her. To her profound astonishment, she discovered her loss made up to her over and over again by charitable spectators.

The incident suggested a much easier way of making a living than by domestic service, and Alice Grey, a few days later, was weeping on another railway station platform. Passers-by asked the cause, and were told that she had had her purse snatched from her hand by a man whom she described. There was a hue-and-cry raised at once, and an unforgotten wretch was found exactly answering to Alice Grey's description. Almost unthinkingly, Alice Grey accused him.

"Oh, you hard-hearted creature, to rob a poor, innocent girl of her hard-earned savings!" she sobbed.

The man had not a good character, and although he loudly protested his innocence and nothing was found on him to connect him with the robbery, he was haled away, and Alice Grey found that she had gone so far that she could hardly now draw back. When the man was tried and found guilty, and condemned to four months' imprisonment, a collection was made in court for Alice Grey, and the whole thing "paid so well" that she became from that time a professional accuser of unfortunate people.



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replace the "borrowed money," while retaining a handsome sum himself. The horse, of course, lost; but the defalcation remained undiscovered, and Goudie was tempted to repeat it for a larger amount. The result everyone knows—fourteen years' penal servitude.

Robson who defrauded the Crystal Palace Company of £27,000 took a small amount at first for a Stock Exchange gamble. He lost, and went on. Leopold Redpath, who in 1857 was sentenced to penal servitude for life for defrauding the Great Northern Railway Company of close upon £200,000, declared that the first forgery he committed was to obtain money to assist some poor people in great distress.

The statement might be regarded with a good deal of suspicion if his career did not disclose the fact that while Redpath was committing the most crafty and calculated frauds, he was at the same time scattering the money he obtained among various charities, and privately assisting scores of people in distressed circumstances. When he was sentenced at the Central Criminal Court there were persons in court who burst into tears. They were people whom he had befriended.

Harry Benson, the instigator of the Great Turf Frauds, and of numberless other swindles; the Bidwells, the great forgers; and Lefroy, the murderer of Mr. Gold on the Brighton line, are types of criminals who seem to have been such by some queer moral perversity born in them. In each of them there was a gradual development of the ter-

rible "criminal instinct," showing itself in their earliest mingling with others—in the school and playground, in their very first companionships. No one can point to any particular event in their lives as the first introduction to criminal courses. It seemed innate, and showed itself in the pettiest trickery in childish intercourse.

It has been noticed that the most notorious criminals in various spheres of crime are recruited from the ranks of persons engaged in special occupations and professions. The locksmith, safe-making and carpentering trades have supplied the most accomplished burglars; engraving has been responsible for most of the great bank-note manufacturers; the most celebrated forgers have come from the legal profession; and the professional murderers have generally had some medical training.

But the professional poisoner is a man accustomed to carrying the burden of ghastly secrets, and rarely does he do more than confess the justice of his sentence, and acknowledge the last crime which sends him to the gallows. His lips are sealed as to previous offences, and no one knows how the awful first step was taken.

A prison chaplain in one of our largest convict establishments once remarked to me that he was appalled by the continual lament of the criminals he found in that place of terror over "just one little thing." The "little thing" was the first step which had launched them on the career of wrongdoing which had brought them there.

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Society at the Capital

THE heart of the Ottawa debutante should indeed be satisfied this season with the number of most enjoyable dances that have transpired, every week that passes adding two or three to the already long list, and each one seeming to surpass its predecessor in point of elaborateness of detail.

The Racquet Court, which, with but few exceptions, has been the scene of action of all these gay doings, was again in gala attire on Friday evening, when Mrs. W. G. Perley, wife of the worthy M.P. for Argenteuil, had summoned a happy throng to partake in a ball given for Miss Laura Hespeler of Waterloo, who is Mrs. Perley's guest for the remainder of the season. To those who know the energetic and artistic qualities of the hostess, it is needless to say no pains had been spared in making the ball-room a "thing of beauty" and the rich crimson hangings which were festooned over doors and windows, combined with the many flags draped on the walls, presented a bright and comfortable appearance which was extremely welcome to the many guests arriving in from the zero atmosphere outside, it being one of the coldest nights of the winter. Neither had the floral decorations been spared and quantities of palms, ferns, and white lilies formed a perfect wall at one end of the hall, while the ante-room where Mr. and Mrs. Perley and Miss Hespeler stood to receive their guests, was a perfect little conservatory. Mrs. Perley wore one of the most magnificent gowns that have been seen this season, composed of the softest and finest of cream chiffon, embroidered elaborately with gold, silver, and opalescent sequins and appliqued with tiny pink roses. The many cosy and softly-lighted little nooks and corners, so thoughtfully arranged for sitters-out, were very much appreciated and made use of. One much to be desired, and noticeable feature at this dance was the seriousness of the sterner sex, many of whom at times during the evening were obliged to do their turn at playing wall-flower. The music by the Guards' band was most inspiring, the floor was perfect and altogether it proved an evening of unalloyed and uninterrupted enjoyment to the large numbers of guests, who included many fair and charming young girls and matrons from other near-by cities. Among the former were noticed quite a contingent from Montreal, including Miss Ruby Ramsay, Miss Bessie Gordon, and Miss Maud Baker while Toronto was represented by Miss Mary Osler, Miss Helen Davidson, Miss Shenstone and Miss Daisy Patterson. Miss Osler was very much admired, her frock being of silver netted chiffon over white satin, with which she wore violets and lilies of the valley. Miss Davidson wore a dainty blue *crêpe de Chine* gown, while Miss Patterson was prettily attired in white chiffon over blue silk. A gown which was perhaps the most admired in the room was that worn by Mrs. Kirchhoff of Brandon, which was of white velvet with a striped design in pastel shades, the full skirt opening over deep flounces of Limerick lace.

Mr. Walter White of New York has been a welcome guest in Ottawa for the past few days and was the *raison d'être* of several happy little gatherings, one of which was an exceedingly smart little dinner given by Mrs. Alexander Christie on Friday evening, when the table was beautifully decorated with American Beauty roses, and the other guests were: Colonel and Mrs. Hanbury-Williams, Mr. and Mrs. F. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, Mrs. John Gilmour, Colonel and Mrs. Irwin, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Sparks, Colonel Henry Smith, Mr. W. A. Allan, and Mr. Berk-

ley Powell. Hon. C. S. Hyman also honored Mr. White by giving him a gentlemen's dinner on Thursday evening, when those invited were: Mr. Broderick, Mr. R. J. Devlin, Mr. E. J. Chamberlain, Mr. Fauquier, Mr. C. Jones and Mr. W. A. Allan. Thursday seems to have been a day of dinners, for on that evening also the following had the honor of being invited to Government House: Hon. R. and Madame Dandurand, Hon. M. and Madame Bernier, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Templeman, Hon. J. I. Tarte, Hon. Sir John Carling, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Miss Kirchhoff, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Lorr MacDougall, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Perley, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Gormully, Colonel and Mrs. Vidal, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, and Mr. Barker, M.P.

Another of the many dinners of the same evening was that at which Hon. R. F. Sutherland, the Speaker of the House, and Mrs. Sutherland were the host and hostess, when those honored were: Sir Frederick and Lady Borden, Hon. Peter and Mrs. White, Mr. and Madame Bergeron, Mr. and Mrs. Burrows, Hon. George E. and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Beland, Mr. and Mrs. Fortier, Mr. and Mrs. Ganong, Mrs. Roberts-Allan, Mr. Gervais, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott, Dr. and Mrs. T. B. Flint, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Riley, and Mr. Parent.

Teas were plentiful as ever during the week, and perhaps among the largest and smartest was that given by Mrs. Frederick White of Bessier street on Tuesday, the invitations mainly including married ladies, with the exception of the bevy of attractive girls who assisted in looking after the bodily comforts of their elders. This charming group consisted of Miss Elsie Smith, Miss Claire McCullough, Miss Bee Lindsay, Miss Irene Bate, Miss Hope Wurtele, Miss Morna Bate and Miss Ethel Hendry. A tea which was also very much enjoyed was Mrs. Patterson's on Thursday, when the wife of the Minister of Customs entertained as a farewell to her guest, Miss Shenstone of Toronto, in her handsome suite of rooms in the Russell House, which were prettily adorned with cut flowers in profusion and potted plants. Miss Shenstone wore a becoming gown of pale blue cloth appliqued with heavy cream lace, and Miss Patterson's gown was of white silk and lace.

Space would not permit of the mention of all the teas on Thursday, but one of the most largely attended was Mrs. Roberts-Allan's, when, despite the uninviting weather, all those invited, both young and old, wended their way to Sandy Hill to meet Mrs. Robert Pringle, who was the guest of the afternoon, and who received with her hostess, wearing a pretty costume of turquoise blue silk voile with yoke and bertha of cream lace. Mrs. Roberts-Allan's gown was of handsome black sequined net over white.

The Misses Fielding entertained at an afternoon gathering on Wednesday, when a large number of Ottawans and many seasonal visitors were invited to meet Mrs. and Miss Farrell of Halifax. The tea-table was most artistically arranged with daffodils and ferns, and was presided over by Miss Ethel White and Miss Laura Smith.

Numerous guests continue from day to day to arrive in the Capital, and last week added many to those already enjoying the festivities of our fair city. Miss Brennan of Montreal is with Mrs. A. E. Frapp; Miss Helen Davidson of Toronto is Mrs. E. B. Osler's guest at "Crichton Lodge"; Miss Meighen of Perth is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gordon Edwards; Miss Robbin of Toronto is at General Lake's, and Miss Dillon, a charming young Irish girl, has come to pay an extended visit to Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott. THE CHAPERONE. Ottawa, Feb. 6, 1905.

Tact.

THE late Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress, was talking one day in Philadelphia 'about the time when Hamilton Fish was Secretary of State.

"Mr. and Mrs. Fish," she said, "and a grand air, an old-fashioned courtesy, that introduced a new note into Washington society. They taught Washington a lesson. They left it a city of better manners and gentler speech than it had been on their entry."

"It has been said that Mrs. Fish sometimes carried her high ideas of courtesy too far. With that stricture I agree heartily. Mrs. Fish's courtesy was Quixotic."

"One of her rules, for instance, was to return every call she received. Her husband was continually holding public receptions, and to these, out of curiosity, many women would come who had no desire that Mrs. Fish should call upon them—who were in no position to receive her properly if she did call."

"One such woman attended a Fish reception, left her card, and, a little

later, was duly honored with a call from Mrs. Fish.

"It was a beautiful, mild afternoon. The Fish equipage, all aglitter in the wintry sunshine, dashed down the narrow street and halted before the woman's shabby little house with a musical jingle of silver chains. The footman leaped from the box and opened the carriage door. Mrs. Fish descended.

"The poor woman of the house—where was she all this time? She, alas, was kneeling on the sidewalk beside a bucket of hot water. Her sleeves were rolled back. She had a scrubbing-brush in one hand and a cake of soap in the other. She was scrubbing her front steps."

"Imagine how she felt! What would you have done in a predicament so awkward? Would you have been as wise and ready, I wonder, as the woman was?"

"Mrs. Fish, bending over her, said graciously:

"Is Mrs. Henry Smith at home?"

"And Mrs. Henry Smith replied, 'No, mum, she ain't,' and went on scrubbing."

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A Seedless, Coreless, Bloomless Apple.

EVERYONE is familiar with the seedless or navel orange, but for the seedless apple is a new fruit on the market.

This marvelous improvement in the common apple, fulfilling in letter as well as in spirit the jest of the school-boy, who proclaimed that "there ain't going to be no core," would seem to indicate that the new apple will eventually monopolize the markets of the world, for reasons which the appended data clearly point out.

By way of illustration, it may be said that the seedless and coreless apple follows closely the analogue presented by the seedless orange, and is in fact a prototype of the latter. When the seed-

the seeds are in the way. The ordinary apple presents a wholly different aspect, for the seeds are inclosed in hard pockets that represent at least one-fourth of the apple, and which cannot be utilized in any way as an article of food, whereas in the seedless variety these disagreeable features are entirely eliminated. Still, what is more to the point of economy, apples without seeds are also wormless, for it is well known to growers that worms in apples obtain their sustenance not from the meat, but from the seeds; hence it is evident that if a worm was hatched in a seedless apple it could not live.

The beginning of the seedless apple dates back only a few years, and there-

it may be cited that the tree is blossomless; and while there is a stamen and a very small quantity of pollen, exactly as in the blossom of the ordinary apple tree, yet the blossom or flower itself is missing. The photograph shows the only bloom, flower, or blossom that ever appears on the seedless apple tree.

The only thing that resembles a blossom comes in the form of several small green leaves that grow around the little apple to shelter it. It is this lack of blossom that makes it almost impossible for the codling moth to deposit its eggs, and this practically ensures a wormless apple. As it is the blossom of the common apple tree that is attacked by cold and frost, the seedless apple tree is im-



A SEEDLESS, CORELESS, BLOOMLESS APPLE.

less orange was introduced to the public, it was regarded in the light of a horticultural wonder, for if there were no seeds, by what uncanny method was their kind propagated?

Shrouded in a mystery such as this, it required some little time for the matter-of-fact virtues to impress themselves and the real merits of the fruit to become known; but once eaten, its subtle qualities were forgotten, and its advantages were quickly appreciated, and from that day to this the old-fashioned variety, with its multiplicity of seeds, suffered severely, having been almost driven from the market, and left all but out of the race. Now let us ascertain the real difference between the two varieties of the oranges, as the comparison will serve a useful purpose when the old and the new species of apples are being similarly considered. The reason seedless oranges are universally preferred to those that contain ovules is not because any saving is effected, but simply that

fore its history is necessarily brief. All the credit for the propagation of the apple thus far belongs to Mr. John F. Spencer of Grand Junction, Col., who, struck with the success of the seedless orange, believed that similar results could be obtained with apples.

After several years' experimental research he succeeded in producing five trees that bore seedless, coreless, and wormless apples, and from this little group there has budded two thousand more trees, which at present constitute the entire seedless apple stock of the world; and from these two thousand trees all the rest of the world must be supplied. It is estimated that these will have produced about three hundred and seventy-five thousand nursery trees by the fall of 1905, and that the following year at least two million five hundred thousand trees will furnish the supply.

There are many striking peculiarities in the development of the seedless tree, as well as in the fruit. As an instance,

mune, and the late frosts that play havoc with the apple-grower's purse by denuding his orchard may now become a thing of the past, and at the same time prevent worry and increase profits.

The seedless apple tree has a hard, smooth bark, and may be grown in any climate; the meat of the new apple, like that of the seedless orange, is very solid, and in both there is a slightly hardened substance at the navel end. Through long development this has almost disappeared in the orange; and while it is more or less prominent in the seedless apple, it has been materially reduced on the last generation of trees, and all sizes tend to show that it will grow smaller with successive generations, as the navel end of the orange has grown smaller.

The apples, which are of a beautiful dark-red color with yellow strawberry dots, are of a goodly size and have a flavor similar to the Wine Sap.

A. FREDERICK COLLINS.

Radium and the Shirt of Nessus.

A RUSSIAN physician imagines, we are told, a shirt impregnated with radium as a means of applying its curative influence over a large surface of the body. The actual proposal is hardly worth serious consideration. It is now definitely proved, we grant, that radium can cure cases of lupus and certain superficial forms of malignant growth. Each of these maladies, however, is typically local and circumscribed; and there is no diffuse malady of the skin upon which radium exerts any favorable action.

This suggestion, however, foolish though it may appear to the dermatologist, raises a question of no small interest in relation to the growth of the human mind and the history of knowledge. During the past three centuries of science, men have frequently been struck by various anticipations, as it appeared, of scientific discovery in a past myth or fiction. The celebrated coincidence between Swift's description of the moons of Mars, discovered by the astronomers in *Gulliver's Travels*, and the actual facts revealed by the telescope many years later, will occur to every reader. But it is especially radium, and radio-activity, that have seemed to confirm or throw light upon various tales of ancient and modern days. Indian scholars, for instance, tell us that the Vedas contain most detailed accounts of radio-activity, now abundantly confirmed by Curie, Thomson, and Rutherford. Similarly, an "American" enthusiast has declared that Bulwer Lytton was familiar with radium, and described it under the name of Vril-ya. Then, again, it might be urged—and for aught we know, has somewhere been urged—that Democritus' theory of sensation, as due to an emanation which reached the eye from the perception of a jet, is clearly an ancient anticipation of the truth, now coming to be believed, that all matter is radio-active, constantly yielding emanations from its substance in all directions. And in this story from St. Petersburg we have a parallel to the fabled shirt of Nessus, save that that brought torture and this is to bring ease.

But these and many other instances should not lead us to ask such foolish questions as "Were the ancients acquainted with radium?" On the contrary, they merely serve as additional proofs of the amazing fecundity and scope of the human imagination. The human intellect, as we are taught in *First Principles*, has been formed "by and for converse with phenomena;" and whilst this fact imposes upon it certain limitations, so that, for instance, it is difficult to escape anthropomorphism in our conceptions of Deity, yet—on the other hand—it is a sort of pledge for the fulfilment of human imaginings as to the external world.

But radium and the other wonders of modern science also teach us how vastly more fortunate than even the Greeks are we in the physical environment into which we are born. In this regard the truth, as we see it, is directly opposed to what is commonly thought and said. We are told that, in Stevenson's words, "Science writes of the world as if with the cold finger of a star-fish. It is all true; but what is it compared with the reality of which it discourses?" Men who have not yet learnt to appreciate the scientific point of view regret the early days when Romance made her home amongst men; when all things were alive; when materialism, practical or

theoretical, was unknown; when everything was food for the Poetic Spirit. But nowadays, we are told, all is changed; the visionary gleam is fled; we can no longer look upon Nature as did Wordsworth in his early youth, and all men in time long past. We have peeped and botanized on our mother's grave; nothing is immune from the scalpel. The poet or the poetic child, who endues insensate things with life, is regarded as a contemporary illustration of the ancient religion called Animism: ecstasy is treated of in text-books of psychiatry, and referred to "dissociation of cerebral synapses" or the like; love is analyzed and referred to the spinal chord; the divinest dreamings of men are set forth in parallel columns in treatises on Comparative Religion and Mythology. Verily, this is the light of common day. However, we are to make the best of it, and though art is obviously doomed (*circa* Max Nordau), and though life is but a series of fermentations and mired cerebral secretion, yet we must "dree our weird" and hope in such ideals as the fixation of the atmospheric nitrogen or the extinction of infectious disease.

But there be that know better; that dare to echo Spencer's "Science is itself poetic" and Pasteur's "Tout est miracle." We have not yet learnt to appreciate the significance of the synthetic philosopher's fine image of growing knowledge as a sphere which, as it grows, comes ever in wider contact with the unknown. "An evil and adulterous generation" looked for a sign in old Judea; and the purblind majority have always looked for signs and marvels in all ages. Now that the scientific law of continuity is coming into its own, and the age of miracles is being whittled down to no more than three momentous years, if indeed to so many, the crass and the commonplace are left without anything to gaze at. They believe no more in the ancient mysteries; each new one is but a nine days' wonder, for Lord Kelvin or Sir William Crookes offers an explanation of radio-activity, or whatever it be; and, of course, when it is explained, there is the end of it—unless, perchance, it will heat a stove or drive a motor. But the philosopher is not so deceived. Ask him what happens to cause one end of a stick to move when the other is moved; ask him the cause of gravitation; ask him what happens when these black marks are translated into ideas in your mind; ask him the inmost secrets of heredity; the essential nature of matter—and he confesses that to him also "tout est miracle." We are told that wonder is the characteristic of the barbaric or infantine mind; that when a man's eyes are opened he learns *admirari*. Never was greater error. If it be a touchstone of a man's mental capacity, as Goethe considered, to observe that which he finds ridiculous, assuredly also it is a criterion to learn at what he wonders; but wonder he must, or cease to think.

Science knows well that she works within an impassable barrier. Hers is the world of phenomena. She may correlate and measure them; and for convenience may even call this process an "explanation;" but all the while she knows well that her explanation is in terms of the inexplicable. Ultimate scientific ideas like those of space, time, energy, and motion, defy our analysis, yet these are involved in every assertion we make. If thus we attempt to pass the region of phenomena and analyze space and time, which seem to be ultra-phenomenal, we find ourselves tapping

at an implacable door, behind which reality is hidden. In popular cant, we refer to the latest voice, or vehicle, or villainy, as "phenomenal," meaning, thereby, to indicate that it is something at which to wonder. Yet the philosopher knows that a phenomenon is literally an appearance, and that only with appearances have we converse. To our Peter Bells, a primrose by the river's brim is simply a primrose and nothing more; but a giant primrose they would call phenomenal. The philosopher, discarding this crude realism, knows that the smallest primrose can only *phenomenally* be known to him; but behind the appearance is reality, behind the phenomenon the noumenon. This Kant called the thing-in-itself, and used the term in the plural. But we see that Reality is no plural, but one and indivisible. This is the lesson taught us by our knowledge of phenomena; as Newton taught Mr. Francis Thompson's *Mistress of Visions*:

That thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.
If the phenomenal Universe be a Unity, without contradiction, or chance, or caprice, so assuredly must be the noumenal. And whilst we foolishly call the latest wonder phenomenal, philosophy teaches us that, could we know it, not appearance but reality, not things as they seem, but the Eternal as IT IS, would be the Mystery and Wonder ineffable. Ineffable we may call it; or Unknowable, as did Herbert Spencer; or Unsearchable, as did St. Paul; or Absolute, as did Hegel; or we may follow the example of Kepler, who called the stars in their courses the Thoughts of God. C. W. S.

Why He Loved Music.

"Yes," said the long-haired passenger, as the train pulled out of the village, and the strains of a barrel-organ died away, "I am a great lover of music. In fact, I might say that I owe my life to my talent as a musician."

"Start the wheels," suggested the "commercial," as he lighted a fresh cigar, "and give us your excuse for refusing to quit this terrestrial ball."

"It was like this," said the man of music: "During the high water scare some years ago my wife and I were stopping at a hotel located on the bank of the river in a small town. We occupied the bedroom on the first floor, and during the night the river rose rapidly and the water came up into our room. After a strenuous effort, I succeeded in pushing the folding-bed out of the window, and placing my wife on it, she floated away to a place of safety. Then—"

"Here," interrupted the true-loving knight of the sample case, "you're slipping a cog. What has your wife floating away on a folding-bed got to do with your life-saving musical accomplishments?"

"As I was about to explain," continued the owner of the unbarbered hair, "there was a piano in the room, and I accompanied her on that. See?"

—

Mrs. Jones—Did you really expect me to accept you the night you proposed?
Mr. Jones—Yes, love. Just before I got to your house I heard a dog howl three times, saw the moon over my left shoulder, and walked under a ladder.

—

Wife—You never hear of a woman using her religion as a cloak. Husband—Of course not, my dear. Religion is too inexpensive.

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Anecdotal

Sombody once said to George Ade that some pretty bright people come from the West. "Yes," Ade is said to have replied, "and the brighter they are the quicker they come."

A little girl, when a lesson was being given on snow, volunteered the information that the snow was swept out of heaven. "But how does it get into heaven?" asked the master. "Please, sir, the angels scratch it off their wings."

After Disraeli was created Lord Beaconsfield, and had attained every distinction he could wish for, he was dining one day at a fashionable London home, and was asked by the lady whom he had taken in to dinner: "Is there anything, my lord, that you can now possibly want which you do not already possess?" His characteristic reply, after due consideration, was: "Yes, a potato, please."

"A short time ago," says a school-teacher, "I was giving a lesson on the use of the hyphen. Having written a number of examples on the blackboard, the first of which was 'bird-cage,' I asked the boys to give a reason for putting the hyphen between 'bird' and 'cage.' After a short silence, one boy, who is among the dunces, held up his hand, and said: 'It is for the bird to perch on, sir.'"

At one of the registration places in Alabama, the election officers were testing a colored man's qualifications for exercising the right of suffrage. The negro was unusually intelligent, and answered every question correctly. Then, as a little joke, he was asked to explain a writ of *certiorari*. The negro, after scratching his head, said: "Deed, boss, I reckon you done got me. I doan know what dat is, 'less'n it's somethin' to keep a nigger from votin'."

A story is told illustrating the great age that people attain in the bracing air of the Adirondacks by a member of a hunting party who had been deer-stalking there. In a rather wild part of the country, the party came across a log cabin. At the door was standing an aged native of the Rip Van Winkle sort. One of the gunners, after a short talk, asked him how long his father had been dead. "Father dead?" the old man replied in a tone of surprise; "father ain't dead, he's in the back room puttin' grandfather to bed."

A wealthy young physician was awakened one stormy night last week by a man who declared the doctor's services were wanted three miles out in the country. Just before the doctor called upon the stable for his horse, the visitor asked what the charge would be. "Three dollars," was the reply. When the horse containing the supposed patient was reached, the man alighted first, and handing the doctor three dollars, remarked: "That will be all, doctor. I couldn't find a hackman who would do it for less than six dollars."

Uncle Cyrus had come up from the country to visit his nephew. One morning he was taken out to hear an open-air concert. As the concert progressed, Uncle Cyrus waxed enthusiastic. Toward the end of the programme a solo on the slide trombone was announced. It was a really fine performance, and the audience demanded an encore with a storm of applause. The nephew noted that his uncle was among the most appreciative, but he was somewhat puzzled by the smile which played around the corners of the old man's mouth, for the selection had been mournful rather than gay. At the conclusion of the encore, when the applause had finally died away,

he turned to his uncle: "That was fine, wasn't it?" "Mighty fine, mighty fine," was the reply; "but you city folks are easy fooled. He didn't fool me a bit. I knew all the time he was playing that he wasn't really swallering that thing!"

At a recent college lecture the students were uneasy. There was something wrong in the air. Books were dropped, chairs were pushed along the floor. There were various interruptions. The nerves of all were on edge. The members of the class kept their eyes on the clock and awaited the conclusion of the hour of the lecture. The clock beat Professor Kirchwey by perhaps a minute, but at the expiration of the scheduled time, the students started to their feet, and prepared to leave. "Wait a minute," objected Professor Kirchwey, "don't go just yet. I have a few more pearls to cast."

Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, the widow of the famous general, lives in Charlotte, N.C., and the other day a Charlotte lawyer said of her: "Mrs. Jackson has great talent in persiflage and railleury, and she likes much to air her skill in this direction at the expense of doctors and lawyers. She said to me one day: 'A friend of mine—a Virginia woman—sued a railroad company last year for \$50,000 damages, and last week the case was decided in her favor. She got the money in *lots*. She got every cent of it. It is all lying to her credit in the bank at this moment.' Mrs. Jackson paused and smiled. 'You think it is incredible,' she said, 'that the woman should have gotten all those thousands. You think that her lawyer, in sending her a cheque for the money, would have deducted \$30,000 or \$35,000 for his share. Well, the woman got all the money. The lawyer didn't get a cent. She got it all. She got it in the only way.' 'What way was that?' said I. 'She married the lawyer,' said Mrs. Jackson."

Dr. William T. Manning, the new Bishop of Harrisburg, was asked by a Harrisburg reporter if it was true that young brides sometimes objected to the word "obey" in the marriage service. "Yes, that is true," said Bishop Manning. "A great many young brides think that the marriage service should be altered—think that, instead of saying they will 'love, honor and obey' their husbands, they should be allowed to say that they will 'love, honor and cherish' these fine young men. Sometimes, urged on by his bride, a bridegroom suggests to the officiating clergyman that the service be altered for his benefit. He wants the clergyman to substitute, on that particular occasion, 'cherish' for 'obey.' But the clergyman, smiling faintly, explains the impossibility and the irreverence of such a substitution."

"Some young men, as I say, want the ceremony changed. Others, taking an opposite view, uphold the ceremony as it stands, and would under no circumstances permit 'cherish' to be substituted for 'obey' if that were possible. I heard of such a young man the other day. While he was getting married, his bride, plainly a very modern young lady, hesitated when the time came for her to say 'obey.' She said 'love and honor' very promptly and sincerely, but at 'obey' she hesitated. The minister paused. He was alarmed. Till the young woman finished the sentence he could not possibly be felt, go on. Some thirty or forty seconds of silence ensued, and then the bridegroom leaned toward the clergyman and whispered in a tone of encouragement: 'Go on, sir. Whether she says it or not don't matter. I'll make her do it; that's the main thing.'"

Never.

If ignorance were really bliss,
There'd never be a death
Of gay and happy folks, I wis,
On this benighted earth.

Crackers vs. Bread.

Everyone thinks of bread as a food, but not one person in a hundred properly appreciates the wholesome nutritiousness of soda biscuits. Experiments by pure food authorities show that soda biscuits contain food elements in a better balanced proportion than any other article of diet. These biscuits also contain more strength and flesh-forming material than does bread. Meat, vegetables, bread and milk are dilute nutriment. Soda biscuits are concentrated nutriment. They are practically all food, contain little water, and are rich in the elements that go to build up "the house we live in."

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The Thugs of India.

THIS continent has appropriated the word "thug" from the Hindustani language, but with characteristic American freedom has modified both the pronunciation and the meaning. "Thug" is the correct pronunciation in the vernacular. And the thug was not a mere bludgeoner, political or otherwise. In the literal sense of the word he was a deceiver, a trained and skilled deceiver. But this was a mere euphemism. The thug was very much more.

He was a professional assassin, a stranger. Thuggee was murder reduced to a fine art, and practiced by gangs working in co-operation.

The thugs were really a religious sect, who worshipped the goddess Bowani, wife of Siva the Destroyer, one of the Hindu trinity. They paid homage to this dread goddess by elaborate religious ritual, making sacrifices to her, solemnly invoking her blessing, consulting the omens she vouchsafed her worshippers, counting every neglect in her service an impiety that would surely be visited by disaster. With the votaries of Bowani the taking of life was a sacred act; a good omen from the goddess meant an order to kill, failure to carry out which was sacrilege.

The thugs were a hereditary caste, composed of seven different tribes, scattered all over India, from the Himalayas in the north to Cape Comorin in the south. In the villages and towns where they lived they assumed the guise of peaceful traders, or cultivators of the soil, thus averting suspicion from their true calling. Their families lived peaceably with their neighbors, whom they never by any chance molested. When they went forth to ply their trade of assassination, they journeyed afar.

The thugs formed a close secret society, and members, although utter strangers to each other and from distances wide apart, could recognize their fellow-handicraftsmen instantly by a word or a sign. They had also a system of signals on the roads, whereby by the placing in some particular manner of stones, or leaves, or little heaps of dust, it was shown in what directions parties of thugs were traveling, whether they had destined victims in their company, whether more help was required, and so on.

At the seasons of travel, when merchants were wont to set forth with wares they had purchased for the replenishment of their stores, or wealthy pilgrims to journey to some sacred shrine, thugs would assemble in the big cities, and form themselves into organized gangs, sometimes a hundred strong, with regular gradations of rank and regular subdivision of duties. There were the invigilators who lured from the honest travelers the plans of their journey and the amount of wealth they carried. There were merchants, thugs themselves in disguise, men of fine manners and unarmed, sometimes equipped with valuable merchandise, riding on horseback, carrying with them sleeping tents, and attended by a retinue of servants, thugs also to a man.

In this way a goodly company of travelers would be formed, murderers and their destined victims commingled. And then the fateful journey would begin, all keeping together for mutual protection by the way. Those, of course, were days prior to the advent of railways.

Along the road other thugs would gradually join in—pilgrims, perhaps, ostensibly, or a band of musicians and jugglers who would beguile the hours around the camp-fire at night, or perhaps some petty chief whose armed escort was welcomed as an additional protection to the caravan. Thugs, these newcomers, be it noted, every one of them, strategically posted along the chosen thoroughfare like the pickets of an army.

The rule was that before action took place there should be three thugs at least with the actual traveling party for every man to be murdered—one to manipulate the roomal or sash thrown around the neck and by which the act of strangulation was performed, the second man to clutch the legs, and the third to pinion the arms of the victim, all at a given signal. When the full tally of assassins was made up, the place for the final tragedy was decided on, and the grave choosers and the grave diggers were sent on ahead. But every precaution was taken, and to reach a favored spot, safe from the chance of interruption, the thugs would travel for several days in company with the persons they had devoted to destruction—would eat

with them, sleep with them, attend divine worship with them at the holy shrines on the road, live on the closest terms of intimacy, until time and place were exactly suitable for the consummation of the crime. They had just one redeeming feature, these cold-blooded miscreants. Nothing would ever tempt them to murder a woman, not even cupidly stirred by sight of her costly robes and jewels, for it would have been a dreadful crime against Bowani for any of her sex to perish at the hands of her devout worshippers.

Now everything is ready for the final deed. It is night in the jungle. The cavalcade of travelers has halted in front of a deep nullah or gully, down which a babbling stream is tumbling. From out its dense brushwood comes the occasional yap of a skulking jackal, mayhap even the roar of a tiger disturbed from his hunting. On the plateau above fires are alight to scare away the wild beasts, and around these are seated the merchants, with their bales of costly goods piled near at hand, silks and gold-embroidered fabrics and cases of jewelry, unloaded from the wagons that form a corral within which the riding ponies and draught oxen are safely tethered for the night. Although he knows it not, each innocent man has as his immediate companions that evening three professional assassins—the stranger who sits just behind his victim, and the holders of legs and arms on either side. The minstrel troupe is performing—zithers are softly playing, drums tum-tumming, cymbals clanking.

And then comes the jhirnee or dread signal of death. For some time past the leader of the thugs has been gazing fixedly at the heavens, and all the eyes of his fellow-votaries of Bowani have been fastened intently upon him. At last he pronounces some commonplace words, as prearranged: "The moon shines bright to-night," and raises his hand. Then in an instant each stranger has the fatal noose around the throat of his appointed victim, every dying man is clutched by the hands that resist his writhing contortions, everyone but the thugs in that camp of travelers is in the death throes. In a brief minute or two all is over. The tragedy is complete.

There have been no guiltless witnesses of the atrocious crime, no possibility of rescue or escape, no noise or cries for help, for these strangers are too skilled in their deadly work to have permitted a single cheep to be made. And now nothing remains but to cover up the traces of the foul deed. This is simple, for there has been no effusion of blood. The grave-diggers creep out of the dark ravine, and carry away the stripped and rifled bodies. There is a grave ready for every victim, and convenient piles of rocks have been made to heap over the covering sand, that the hyenas may not be able to dig out the corpses and of brushwood, too, are ready for artfully concealing the signs of recent excavations. But who will come to that lonely nullah? No one. The villagers across the plain dread it, because of the man-eating tiger who has made it his chosen lair.

With the breaking of dawn, the attenuated cavalcade moves again on its way. The spoil has been divided on a fixed scale of apportionment—so many shares to the leader, archpriest of Bowani, then so many shares to each stranger who held one of the coveted posts of honor, down to the single share of the invigilators, who may be mere youths serving their apprenticeship in wholesale assassination. By evening the gang has dispersed in a score of different directions, making in small parties for their homes or for cities where their plunder may be disposed of, and a new campaign of villainy organized. An impenetrable veil of darkness has been thrown over the whole tragedy.

There were no telegraphs in those days, no country police, and every trace of the crime lay buried with the bodies in the lonely gorge. Wives waited sadly for husbands who never returned, children wept for absent fathers. But never a word of the travelers who had disappeared—And the Hindus are fatalistic beings—they accept in silence the decrees of Providence. A merchant would wonder what had become of his old neighbor in the bazar. But the latter had ventured forth on a long journey, the dangers of the road are many, from wild beasts and from robbers who openly ply their vocation, cholera swift to strike down and kill ever stalks the land. So the heirs appraised the goods, the shop was reopened by another trader, and the world moved on.

And all the while, for generations and for centuries, those peaceful Hindus themselves had never known that thuggee existed in their midst—that every day in their lives they were rubbing shoulders in the bazar with fellow-countrymen who planned wholesale murders without misgiving, perpetrated them without remorse, and remembered them without pity. Think of the amazing loyalty that kept the secrets of this grim society inviolate, and the superb organization that enabled it to hide its terrible deeds right in the midst of a teeming population. After intercourse with India for two centuries, and the exercise of sovereignty over a large part of the country for more than half that time, the British rulers themselves remained quite ignorant of the existence and habits of the murderous gang.

But at last discovery came. It is not so very long ago—just seventy years since the dread mysteries of thuggee were unraveled by the English authorities. Suspicion arose because sepoys, traveling on leave with their army pay, failed to return to their regiments. Now the Indian sepoy is proud of his calling and he goes home to his village invariably intent on bringing back recruits to join the service of the sarkar, as he calls the ruling power. Trusted soldiers, non-commissioned officers and men of tried service, had never again been heard of. So strict investigation was set on foot, and as a result a gang of thugs were surprised in the very deed. They were arrested, imprisoned, tried, and convicted of murder. But the truth was not yet all known. Only when the death sentence on the criminals broke the religious spell of Bowani's power to pro-

"OLD MULL" Scotch

fect her votaries did confession follow.

Then came the astounding and ghastly disclosure of what thuggee in India had really meant during unnumbered generations. On the part of the miscreants who told the story, there was no penitence, no remorse, just chastened and fatalistic regret that their idol Bowani had been broken, through their own laxity undoubtedly in observing her sacred religious rites. "There were always signs around us," said one of these fanatics, "if we had been wise enough to discern them, and religious enough to attend to them."

The nature of their superstitious observations may just be indicated. For example, every expedition had to be opened with a solemn invocation of Bowani. This was the formula, given out first by the high priest, and then repeated by all present: "Great goddess! universal mother! if this our meditated expedition be fitting in thy sight, vouchsafe us help, and the signs of thy approbation." Then the omens were watched. The meeting of a person who had lost a limb, the cry of a jackal by day or the scream of a kite by night, and similar unusual happenings foretold disaster. But if the auspices were propitious, the party set forth. They took with them, swathed in cloths, a sacred pick-axe, emblem of their goddess, on which the oaths of secrecy had been made. It was entrusted to the shrewdest, most experienced, and most cautious thug present, and carried hidden in his loin-cloth. No traveling party could be without the sacred pick-axe; it was a constant thing of solicitude and of reverence, and all manner of omens were associated with it from day to day, even from hour to hour. Thus if it chanced to fall from the hand of the man who bore it, dismay spread through the gang, and the enterprise on hand was immediately abandoned.

Now that the truth was out and confession freely made, regular burying-places of the thugs all over India were disclosed, and the bones literally of thousands of victims discovered. Every member of the caste was secured, hundreds were hanged, thousands were transported to the penal settlement of the Andaman Islands, over the Kali pani or black water which the Hindus dread, for to cross it breaks their caste, and ostracises them forever from the fellowship of their brethren. The cult of Bowani was extirpated, root and branch. The very families were broken up, so that the abominable teachings of murder as religion and of strangling as a fine art should cease.

Thuggee had not been confined to adventures upon land. The rivers of India were found to be infested by members of the accursed fraternity, freshwater pirates who left no victims to tell tales. They operated in considerable parties. Those who did the work of the invigilators were dressed like other boatmen; but those who were to take a part in the other operations were accoutered as travelers of great respectability; and there were no craft on the river kept so clean and inviting for travelers. When going up stream the thugs always pretended to be men of consideration, proceeding on pilgrimage to some sacred place, such as Benares, or Allahabad. When going down, they feigned to be returning home from such places. Their invigilators, well dressed, were sent out upon the high roads, and pretended to be going by water to the same places as the innocent travelers they fell in with. On coming to the landing stage, the treacherous villains would see the nicely-dressed boat, with the respectfully-dressed thugs amusing themselves. They would ask the captain to take them on board, as he could afford to do so cheaper than others, having, apparently, his boat already engaged. The captain would pretend to be pushed for room, and the thugs would be unwilling to have any more passengers on board. But at last the earnest entreaties of the invigilators would be yielded to, and the new travelers accommodated. The boat would push off into the river, those above singing and playing and making a great noise, while the travelers below were strangled at the signal that all was clear. Then the bodies would be dropped into the river, a prey to the swarming crocodiles, objects of no suspicion for the Hindu dead were regularly consigned to these sacred waters. The boat proceeded to another landing-place, having landed the invigilators again upon the roads.

Thuggee has now been banished from the face of the earth. But the story shows in striking manner how marvelously the Oriental mind can hold its secrets, not merely from the West, but from the different castes among their very selves. And as showing the wonderful hold thuggee had upon its votaries, let me quote another sentence from the confession of one of the leaders. "I may explain that 'goor' is coarse native sugar, which, after having been ceremoniously blessed by the goddess at the initiation ceremony, was passed round and eaten by all present the novice included. 'Let any man once taste of the sacred goor,' said this thug, who, with his own hand had strangled well over a hundred victims, 'and he will be a thug, though he know all the trades and had all the wealth of the world. My father made me taste of that fatal goor, when I was a mere boy, and if I were to live a thousand years, I should never be able to follow any other trade.' He never did follow any other trade." He was hanged.

EDMUND MITCHELL.

Him—Oh, lots of time to get married. You know the old saying about "as good fish in the sea?" Her—Oh, certainly! But you mustn't forget that the bait is getting a bit stale.



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HON. W. J. HANNA,
Provincial Secretary.



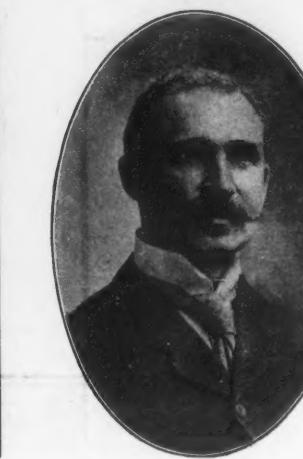
HON. J. J. FOY,
Minister of Crown Lands.



HON. NELSON MONTEITH,
Minister of Agriculture.



HON. R. A. PYNE,
Minister of Education.



HON. J. O. REAUME,
Minister of Public Works.

Premier and Attorney-General

Hon. James Pliny Whitney, K.C., LL.D., M.P.E., the new Premier, is of United Empire Loyalist stock, and was born in Williamsburg, Ont., on October 2, 1843. Educated at the Cornwall Grammar School, he studied law in the office of John Sandfield Macdonald, whom Mr. Whitney has succeeded as the second Conservative Premier Ontario has had. He was called to the Bar in 1876. In 1890 he was made a Q. C. Unsuccessful in 1886 in his first attempt for Parliamentary honors in his native county, he upon the unseating of his opponent, Dr. Chamberlain, in 1888, was successful in the bye-election. Mr. Whitney has continued to represent Dundas in the local Legislature. In 1896 Mr. Whitney was unanimously selected as the Provincial Conservative leader, and in the ensuing election the late Hon. Mr. Hardy escaped defeat by a narrow majority. In 1902 Hon. G. W. Ross was only returned by a majority of two in the House, with a popular minority of 7,000. The result of the last election was to some extent due to the confidence of the electorate in Mr. Whitney's sincerity and honesty of purpose. Mr. Whitney has been active in securing important legislation, such as the revision of the Statutes and the punishment of bribery by imprisonment. He is an earnest Anglican, an LL.D. of Toronto University, and a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Reserve Militia. Whitney was married April 3, 1877, to Alice, third daughter of Mr. William Park of Cornwall.

Provincial Secretary.

Hon. William John Hanna, the Provincial Secretary, has for some time

been considered as of Cabinet material in the event of Mr. Whitney having the opportunity of forming a Government. He was born in 1862 at Adelaide, Middlesex county, and educated at local schools, and subsequently called to the bar, at which he has been a successful practitioner, in Sarnia. One of the best debaters in the House, where he was first elected to represent West Lambton in 1902, he is also noted for the bright sparkling nature of his speeches, replete with wit and humor. Mr. Hanna is a Methodist.

Minister of Crown Lands.

Hon. James Joseph Foy, K.C., LL.D., is of Irish descent, and was born in Toronto, February 22, 1847. Educated at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and Ushaw College, England, he studied law, and was called to the Ontario bar in 1871. He was elected a Bencher of the Law Society in 1881, and created Q.C. in 1883. He became LL.D., Toronto University, in 1902. In 1898 he was elected to the Ontario Legislature for South Toronto, which he has continued to represent. Mr. Foy is a director of the Toronto General Trusts and other companies. A skilled debater of equable temperament, he presents his arguments concisely and lawyer-like. He is a Roman Catholic in religion.

Minister of Agriculture.

Hon. Samuel N. Monteith of South Perth, Minister of Agriculture, while having to follow a Minister whose success will make it difficult in a party sense to succeed, is particularly well qualified, to judge from his record. A successful farmer himself, a graduate

of the Ontario Agricultural College, with varied experiences as Township Councillor, Deputy Reeve, Reeve, Councillor and Warden of his county. Mr. Monteith is a fortunate choice in the incoming Government for the great agricultural interests of the Province. He was born in Perth county in 1861. His first appearance in the local House was in 1898. In 1902 he was unsuccessful, but the election was set aside. He is an Episcopalian. He was president of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union for a term, and is a member of the Board of Control, and has been a lecturer for the Farmers' Institute of Ontario.

Minister of Education.

Hon. Dr. Robert Allan Pyne, though his appointment as Minister of Education came somewhat as a surprise, has been closely identified with the management of educational institutions for years. He has been chairman of the Public School Board of Toronto and of the Free Library Board, and is secretary of the Ontario Medical Board. He was born at Newmarket in 1855, and is of Irish descent. Dr. Pyne has been conspicuous more in party councils than on the floor of the House, and is looked upon as one of the most level-headed party leaders in Ontario. Personally enjoying great popularity, he is a member of the Masonic and Orange orders, and several fraternal societies. He is an Anglican in religion.

Minister of Public Works.

Hon. Dr. Joseph O. Reaume of North Essex, the Commissioner of Public Works, is a French-Canadian of great personal popularity in the House. To

his personal popularity in his own riding is due much of his success at the polls. His appointment, although the result to some extent of Mr. Whitney's pledge that if the Conservative party were returned to power a French-Canadian would be a member of the Cabinet, can be justified by the marked ability Dr. Reaume displays as a Parliamentarian and his amiable personality. A fluent speaker in English as well as French, he has always been able to hold the ear of the House. He was educated at Assumption College, Sandwich, Detroit Medical College and Trinity Medical College, Toronto.

Provincial Treasurer.

Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur James Matheson, the new Provincial Treasurer, is "the last of the Tories" in Ontario. Sixty years of age, his erect, military carriage is that of a younger man. The son of a field-officer of the war of 1812-14, and born in Perth, of the old time, he has absorbed many of its ideals. An honorable gentleman and a strenuous partizan, he has been respected on both sides of the House which he entered in 1894 as the representative of South Lanark, and where he has been the assiduous Opposition leader for greater than twenty years. Educated at Upper Canada College and Trinity College, Toronto, he was called to the Ontario Bar and has practiced law in Perth. Intensely interested in military affairs and a splendid officer, he commanded the 42nd Battalion, and is now on the retired list of colonels. He saw service at the front in the Fenian Raid and volunteered for the North-West Rebellion. He is a prominent member of the Church of England and a bachelor.

Ministers Without Portfolio.

Hon. Adam Beck of London, Minister without portfolio, was born in Waterloo County in 1837, and was educated in the Public schools of Baden, and at the celebrated school of Dr. Tassie, Galt. He entered at once into commercial life. In 1884 he removed his large business of manufacturing, veneering, and thin lumber boxes, from Galt to London, where he also engaged in manufacturing cigar boxes. He has served as Mayor of London, and has been prominently identified with its municipal and social life. A great lover of thoroughbred horses, he has been a successful importer and is Master of the London Hunt Club.

Hon. Dr. William Armstrong Willoughby of East Northumberland, the whip of the Conservative Opposition, and the confidant of Mr. Whitney in the dark days of Opposition, is one of the Ministers without portfolio. Born in Simcoe County in 1844, he graduated as M.D. at Victoria College in 1867. For many years he was a member of the Town Council of Coburne, and of the School Board. In 1884 he was Warden of the united counties of Northumberland and Durham. He is Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel in the militia. Elected first to the Ontario Legislature in 1886, he was at a bye-election in 1888 unsuccessful. In the same year he was returned, and with the exception of the general election of 1898, was successful in all subsequent contests in that constituency. A strong party man, Dr. Willoughby is, however,

extremely popular on both sides of the House. In religion he is an Anglican.

Hon. Colonel John Strathairn Hendrie of Hamilton, Minister without portfolio, was born in Hamilton in 1857, and was educated in his native town and at Upper Canada College. A successful railway engineer and contractor, he did not enter the Legislature until 1902, sitting for Hamilton. He had already been Mayor of his native city. On account of his ability displayed in industrial and financial enterprises, it was expected that he would be Mr. Whitney's Minister of Public Works. He is a director of the Bank of Hamilton, Vice-President and Manager of the Hamilton Bridge Works Company, Director of Hendrie and Company, and the Great North-West Assurance Company. Strongly interested in military matters, he was in command of the artillery branch of the Canadian contingent at Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897. Colonel Hendrie is a Presbyterian in religion.

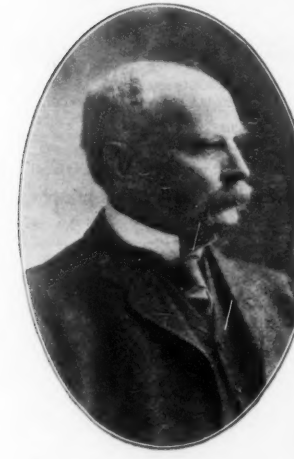
Speaker.

Hon. Joseph W. St. John, the proposed Speaker of the present Legislature, is a native of Brock Township, and was born in 1854. Educated at the local schools and Uxbridge and Cobourg high schools, and Victoria University, where he graduated in 1881, with honors, he was called to the Ontario Bar in 1884, and has successfully practised his profession in Toronto. In 1894 he entered the Legislature as member for West York. In 1898 he was unsuccessful. In 1902 he was elected for West York by 419. A fluent, if discursive speaker, Mr. St. John has always been a strong debater in the House. Mr. St. John is a Director of the Central Life Insurance Company, a prominent member of the Masonic Order, and the I. O. O. F. is a Methodist in religion, and a member of the Senate of Victoria University.

One Company Came Through Well.

The Equity in a hard year did well enough to pay its shareholders the usual 6 per cent. dividend. The Premium Income was \$315,000, and losses, including the Toronto and Fernie conflagrations, \$165,000. The Annual Meeting was held February 1. The President is Thomas Crawford, M.P.P.; Vice-President, C. C. Van Norman, and W. Greenwood Brown, General Manager. Attention is called to their condensed statement of assets and liabilities given elsewhere in this issue.

A man seldom acquires real fame until he is too dead to enjoy it.



HON. A. J. MATHESON,
Provincial Treasurer.



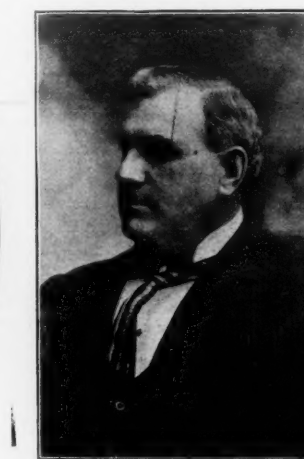
HON. ADAM BECK,
Minister without Portfolio.



HON. W. A. WILLOUGHBY,
Minister without Portfolio.



HON. J. S. HENDRIE,
Minister without Portfolio.



HON. J. W. ST. JOHN,
Speaker.

The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge.

By REV. J. T. SUNDERLAND, M.A.

VI.—How the Old and New Testaments Have Come Down to Us.

THIS is the last but one of a series of lectures which have produced a deeper impression on the minds of those who have heard or read them than almost any previous exposition of the Bible. The interest of the readers of this paper has steadily increased as the various instalments of this fascinating narrative of fact, calm and reverently expressed, have made their appearance. It is with regret we announce that the last of the series will appear next week. The following lecture was delivered from Mr. Sunderland's pulpit in the Jarvis Street Unitarian Church, Toronto, last Sunday evening.

In the preceding lectures we have seen that the writings which make up the Old Testament and the New came into existence naturally, and as the result of causes similar to those which have produced the literature of other peoples. But how were these writings preserved? How and when were they gathered together into a sacred book? Why did the sacred book contain just these and no others? And how have they been brought down across the long space of two thousand years, more or less, to our day?

First, let us consider the Old Testament. In the Bible we often find the expression, "The Law and the Prophets." The portion of the Old Testament known as the "Law," that is the Pentateuch, or the first five books (often called the five books of Moses), was the portion to which was first ascribed a sacred character. That such a character was given it was due primarily to Ezra and Nehemiah. During the Captivity in Babylon most of the material which we have in the Pentateuch to-day had been gathered together, including a central and most important the Levitical Code. Ezra living a century or so after the Captivity, felt so deeply that the Levitical Law in the Pentateuch ought to be made the nation's rule of life, that he came from Babylon to Jerusalem on

purpose to impress this thought upon the people. He succeeded in a rare effort, seconded by Nehemiah, the Governor, he succeeded. The people accepted it as their supreme authority, and from that time on the Pentateuch, or the "Law" as they called it, was their sacred book, speaking to them, as the voice of God.

This was the beginning of the Old Testament, or the Old Testament in its first form. But you see it contained only five books. How did the rest come to be added?

Though as yet the "Law" was the only recognized authority, yet some of the other writings which for a considerable time had been in existence, were much read and prized by the people; and as time went on they grew to be still more prized. It was inevitable, therefore, that a sacred character should by-and-by come to be attached to them. This is exactly what happened. Certain books known as the "Prophets" grew in public estimation for two centuries or so, and by that time by a sort of general consent they began to be given a place beside the Law, as also sacred Scripture—though not yet quite so authoritative as those books which were associated with the great name of Moses. What books were included in this group known as the "Prophets?" Naturally we suppose it must have been those which we know as the Old Testament prophetic books. Well, it did include these, with the exception of the book of Daniel; but it also included certain books which we call historical, but which the Jews called prophetic, namely, Joshua, Judges, Samuel and Kings.

So, then, by the time we reach the beginning of the second century before Christ, we have an Old Testament consisting of two groups of books called the "Law" and the "Prophets."

But what about the rest of the books which we find in our Old Testament, namely Ruth, Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, Esther, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, Lamentations, and Daniel. This group of books, called the "Writings," was much longer in coming to be recognized as Scripture. Indeed, at the time of Christ, and for some time longer still, they were not regarded as occupying the same high level as to inspiration and authority as the other groups known as the Law and the Prophets. This seems to us to-day rather strange, because we are accustomed to regard at least one book in this group, namely, the Psalms, as having the very highest religious value of any book of the Old Testament.

Why does the Old Testament contain just the books it does, and no others? Nobody can answer. Were not other books produced by the Jewish people during the thousand years of the Bible's growth? If so, why do we have none of them in our sacred volume?

We find on examination that no fewer than sixteen books are wanting from the Old Testament, which seemingly ought to be there; at least which are referred to in various places in the Bible as equally authoritative with those included in the canon. So far as we know these sixteen books are lost? Why were they left out of the Old Testament? Why were they allowed to perish?

Then, there is a second list of eighteen Jewish books written during the centuries when the canon was coming into existence, which are now in existence. The religious value of most of them is not great, and yet we know that some of them exercised great influence upon early Christian thought, and were held in high esteem by eminent scholars like Origen.

Finally, there are fourteen books, commonly known as the Old Testament Apocrypha, which the early Christians used side by side with their Scripture, which are found in the Septuagint (the translation of the Old Testament into Greek, made two centuries before Christ), and which the Roman Catholic Church prints to-day as a part of her Bible. Are not these books true Scripture? About half the Christian world thinks they are. Certain it is that some of them are superior as literature, and also morally and religiously, to some of the books which we have in the Old Testament. Place the two noble apocryphal books, "The Wisdom of Solomon" and "Ecclesiasticus," or the "Wisdom of Jesus the Son of Sirach" beside the cynical and pessimistic book of "Ecclesiastes" and

the story of the cruel and vengeful "Esther," and can anyone doubt for a moment which have the better right to be called true word of God?

Turn now to the New Testament. For a hundred and fifty or two hundred years the early Christian Church had no sacred book except that which it possessed in common with the Jews. But when it had created for itself a literature then it became once again a question of time when it would lift up some of that literature into greater and greater pre-eminence, and finally into full sacredness, and thus create a sacred book of its own. This is what happened. By the middle of the second century there are signs that three or four Gospels and several Epistles were not only in existence, but were being read in many churches. By the end of the second century there were in use among the churches various collections of writings, some of which resembled our New Testament. Another century went on, but nothing was settled. Many apocryphal books came into existence, some of which met with wide favor.

For centuries the various churches continued to use side by side with the books found in our New Testament other books which we call spurious. It is curious to note that hardly one of the great Fathers of the Church draws the line of canonically where we draw it. In almost every case they either include some books which we reject or reject some which we include. The truth is the New Testament Canon was never definitely settled by the early Church at all. All down through the Christian ages there have been scholars who have questioned the right of certain books to be in the New Testament. In the sixteenth century the Council of Trent settled the canon of both the Old Testament and the New so far as the Roman Catholic Church was concerned. But this does not affect the Protestant world.

Such, then, in brief, are the facts as to the times when and the way in which the various writings which make up the Old and New Testaments were gathered together, and elevated to the authority of sacred books. You see how fortuitous the whole process was, how much of uncertainty attended every step, and how far from perfection were the results, judged by any intelligent standard. To claim infallibility for collections thus gathered together surely requires either much intelligence or much hardihood.

But the gathering of these writings into a canon was only the first step in the direction of bringing them down to our day. We must inquire now as to how the writings have been preserved from age to age.

All the books of the Old Testament except sections of Ezra and Daniel were written originally in Hebrew. These exceptional parts were written in Aramaic. The books of the New Testament were written in Greek. Thus all the Bible has to come to us through translations. This means that during all those centuries the only way of transmission was by means of handwriting.

How many early Hebrew manuscripts have we? Have we any that come from Old Testament times? Have we any that come from New Testament times? The oldest Hebrew manuscript that we possess of any part of the Old Testament goes back only to the year 916 A.D.—nearly two thousand years after the time of David, and almost a thousand years after the time of Jesus. Our oldest Hebrew manuscript of the entire Old Testament is more recent still by a hundred years. How did the various Old Testament books come down across the seventeen, sixteen, fifteen, fourteen, thirteen hundred years that intervened between the time when they were written and the time when this earliest copy of them that we have was made?

Notice the imperfection of the Hebrew language. Until six centuries after Christ it was written in consonant outlines alone, without a single vowel. The knowledge of what the proper vowels were was handed down by tradition. How much certainty of literary accuracy could there be under such circumstances? How much accuracy could there be to-day in writings made up solely of consonants—writings which, simply put, say, bk for book, or back or beek; ppr for paper or piper or pepper; pn for pen or pin or pan or pun or pain? Some of you probably write shorthand. How much certainty is there in your writing when you write simply consonant signs and omit all vowel signs? Yet it was in this way that the Old Testament writings were handed down for many centuries.

Think of the errors which must necessarily creep into writings which have to be transcribed for so many centuries by copyists—errors caused by cropping words, or mistaking one word for another, or skipping from one sentence to another that happens to begin with the same word. Perhaps one copyist after a reader; there is the additional possibility of not understanding the reader correctly. If one copyist makes an error, the next copyist is likely to repeat and perpetuate the error. A copyist thinks he detects an error that some one else has made, and attempts to correct it. His supposed correction is very likely to be another error. We have proofs that copyists sometimes showed themselves the liberty of making notes on their margins, which later copyists copied into the text. Thus in the course of time errors of many kinds crept in. This is the reason why the manuscripts that come down to us vary so much. As soon as we understand these things we are not surprised to find the Hebrew text in Micah, Hosea, Samuel and other Old Testament books so corrupt as to be in places unintelligible.

Coming to the New Testament, we find conditions somewhat better, and yet by no means such as to preclude errors. We have several manuscripts of the New Testament going back to the fourth and fifth centuries. Are they all alike? Far from that. Differences had already developed; errors had already crept in. The same kinds of errors which were made by copyists of Old Testament manuscripts were made by those who copied the New. The earliest Greek manuscripts were written without punctuation, without accents or breathings, without divisions into paragraphs, sentences, or even words; the letters were all run together as if a whole sentence were a single word.

How many different readings do you think we have among the various manuscripts which we possess of the New Testament? The answer is startling. We have fully 150,000. Of course a large proportion of them are slight, having little or no effect on the sense. And yet many are not slight. Does this look like an infallible New Testament?

How many different readings do you think we have in our manuscripts of the Old Testament? The number is much smaller, and yet even it may well startle you. The number is at least 10,000. The reason why it is so small is

that the Old Testament was written in a language which was not so corrupt as the Hebrew, and that the copyists were more careful.

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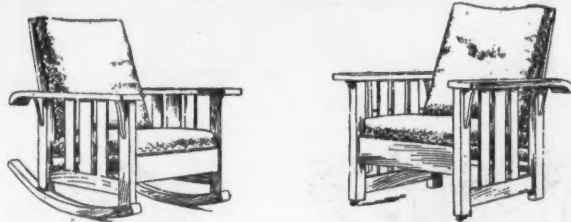
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Easy Chairs

WHEN you sit in one of these easy chairs you sink gently away and lose yourself in a dream of perfect peace and comfort. They are built for solid satisfaction. They are big, heavy and strong; they are artistic and aristocratic; they have a real dignity and give more of an air of refined hospitality than most any other piece of furniture.

They are made to order; made by hand; from our own patterns or from special designs; made of fine southern "live oak," quarter-cut, stained to suit any color scheme; backs and seats made with "pneumatic" cushions, covered with genuine Argentine leather. When you buy of Arts & Crafts you buy direct from the workshop and pay only the ordinary maker's profit.

Arts & Crafts not only make hand-made furniture, but they contract for the artistic decorating and furnishing of dens, apartments and whole houses.

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The United Arts & Crafts Limited

The Equity Fire Insurance Company

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED \$500,000
CAPITAL CALLED UP 150,000

STATEMENT FOR DECEMBER 31st, 1904.

ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Cash in Banks and at Head Office. \$70,636 18	Losses unpaid \$5,045 06
Debitures 58,063 02	Return Premiums unpaid 2,205 41
Bills Receivable 23,972 73	Due for Reinsurance 1,801 46
Premiums in course of collection. Net. 87,574 76	Dividend declared and unpaid 3,060 00
Sundry Shareholders (Bal. 20 per cent call unpaid) 5,359 00	Sundry Accounts 1,440 02
Capital Stock unpaid and subject to call, secured by about 750 shareholders 380,000 00	Reinsurance Reserve 128,148 97
Goad's Plans, Furniture and Sundry Assets 7,507 51	Surplus to policyholders 406,473 24
	\$549,108 26
TOTAL SECURITY TO POLICYHOLDERS.	
Cash \$70,636 18	
Debitures 58,063 02	
Other Assets Net 40,985 04	
	\$169,684 24
Subscribed Capital unallotted \$330,000 00	
Total \$549,684 24	

THOS. CRAWFORD,
President.

WM. GREENWOOD BROWN,
Gen. Manager and Secretary.



Jenkins' Furniture

Years spent in wandering and gathering amongst the Old Country mansions and farm-houses of England and the Continent have brought together a unique collection of genuine Sheraton, Chippendale and Old French Furniture, Sheffield Plate, Old Brasses, Bronzes, Cut Glass, Old Silver, etc.

B. M. & T. Jenkins
422-424 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Montreal. London, Eng.

A Popular Place of Entertainment.

The exceptional facilities and excellent service provided by Mrs. P. V. Meyers at her well-known Ball-room and Banquet Parlor, 1801 Queen Street West, are becoming widely recognized among Toronto people, and this up-to-date establishment is now extensively patronized as a place for social gatherings of all kinds. As an evidence of the popularity of Mrs. Meyers' rooms, it is interesting to note a few of the more important functions that have been held there recently. On January 25 the South Parkdale Young Peoples' At Home was held in Mrs. Meyers' parlors. The following day, Miss Wright and her mother, of 60 Crescent Road, entertained a snowshoeing party to lunch. On the evening of the 26th the staff of Ambrose Kent & Sons gave their annual dance and banquet, Mr. Kent presiding. On Friday, January 27, the Otto Higel Company and friends held their annual At Home, over two hundred sitting down to a sumptuous turkey supper. On Saturday, the 28th, Mr. Kynoch of the Alexandra Palace entertained some friends. An At Home was given on Monday, the 30th, by Mr. James D. Bailey of 75 Yonge Street, some hundred guests being present. On Tuesday, the 31st, the "1130" Club held their second annual masquerade, those present numbering 120. February 3 was the date of the Lithographers' Protective Benefit Association At Home. On the 6th the Old Eleven Club made merry, and there was

also a sleighing party of eighty ladies accompanied by Fathers Doyle and Urban, the occasion being a luncheon. On Tuesday, the 7th, the Elks Social Club entertained, and on Thursday of this week Mr. Kynoch again had a party of friends. Friday's events included the Merry-makers' Club At Home, and a luncheon to a snowshoeing party given by Miss O'Brien of 252 Simcoe Street.

About Women—For Men Only.

Leading a woman to the altar is usually a man's last act of leadership. Women, cats, and birds are the creatures that spend most time on their toilets. Troubles of married life never come singly; they usually have a mother-in-law attached. It is always safe to tell a woman how much you love her, even if she knows you don't. "A fool and his freedom are soon parted," remarked the bachelor upon hearing of the marriage of another friend. When women love us, they forgive us everything, even our crimes; when they do not love us, they give us credit for nothing, not even for our virtues. When a man talks too much his wife pulls at his coat for him to sit down, and it is not until he has lost her, and he makes a fool of himself, that the world recognizes how much of his past good record was due to this coat-tail censor.

The Bible in the Light of Modern Knowledge.

because our manuscripts are few. Does this look like infallibility? It is not strange that for many years scholars have felt the importance of doing everything in their power to compare the various manuscripts of both the New Testament and the Old Testament, and to secure as correct a text as possible, so that on the basis of such an improved text a revision might be made of our common English version of the Bible.

When our common or authorized version was made in 1611 not one of the best Hebrew or Greek manuscripts now in our possession was known. However, we have a Hebrew text of the Old Testament much better, and a Greek text of the New Testament immensely better than those which the scholars of 1611 had to depend upon. It would seem as if a movement to give to the people a more correct version of their sacred Scriptures would have met with universal favor. Yet, as a fact, it met with violent and persistent opposition. It took no little courage on the part of the Convocation of Canterbury in 1870 to go forward, appoint its revision committee of fifty-two English and twenty-two American scholars, and determine that a full and careful revision of King James' version—that version which had been the standard of the English people for more than two centuries and a half—should be made. The great Bible Societies of both England and America opposed it. I suppose it would be true to say that the great body of the clergy and laity of every evangelical and orthodox denomination opposed it. The revision movement was the work of scholars representing all denominations, but they were independent, far-seeing and courageous men, who dared to step out in advance of their brethren. Now that the revision is made, open opposition tends to pass away. Yet there is much silent opposition still. The new version is found in comparatively few pulpits, except those of the liberal churches, comparatively few Sunday schools or Bible classes or prayer meetings, or in the homes. And yet it has entered upon its career; there will be no permanent going backward; there will be some still better version sooner or later win its way to general acceptance.

The modern world has known no truer, nobler, more heroic, or more devoted men than its Bible scholars. For a thousand years, from the fifth century to the fifteenth, the Bible was virtually a lost book—banished from the world. It was locked up with monks or buried in the crypts of the Church. It was sealed in a dead language. What little knowledge of it was possessed by the priests; the people knew scarcely more of it than as if it had had no existence. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was the unchaining of the Bible and the bringing of it out to the light. The men who led in awakening Christendom from its medieval slumber and starting it on a career of new moral life were the translators of the Bible. The men who set out to give to the people in their native tongues—as Luther in German and Tyndale, Coverdale and Cranmer in English—some of the men paid for their daring and their devotion with their lives. But their blood was precious seed.

By and by Protestantism got away, and then alas! it put chains upon the Bible of another kind—chains of a rigid, irrational, dogmatic interpretation. These chains bound it for two centuries or more. Yet true Bible scholarship was not dead. It lived in Spinoza in Holland, Milton, Locke and Newton in England, Semler and Lessing in Germany; later, Eichhorn, Volke, Ewald, Strauss, Bruno and Ferdinand Baur, Renan, Davidson, Colenso, Kuonen, Robertson Smith, and today, Willhausen, Cheyne, Driver, Toy, Briggs and an ever-growing number of others of the same spirit—the scholars have brought the torch of Bible scholarship down across the past three centuries. In the face of all difficulties and all opposition. It is these scholars and hundreds of others who have labored by their side, that have given us what we know to-day as the higher criticism. It is they who have made possible a revised version of the Bible of the excellence of that which has been put into our hands during the past few years.

It will perhaps be of interest if I mention a few of the points in which the new version is an improvement over the old.

The new version replaces obsolete words by words which are in current use to-day. There is a very large number of cases of this kind. So this is an important advance.

The new version prints poetry as poetry and prose as prose. This is important. The new version spaces properly and divides its reading matter into paragraphs and sections according to the sense, and not into arbitrary and often misleading chapters and verses. This is a great improvement.

The new version leaves off the unwarranted and misleading dates which the common version put at the heads of many Old Testament books and at the top of many pages; for example, the creation of the world, 4004 B.C., the Flood, 2448 B.C. It is not a light matter to be rid of these false dates.

The new version leaves off those many misleading chapter headings in various parts of the Bible which indicate that the chapters refer to some miraculously predictive way to Christ. For example, in the authorized version, the Song of Solomon has at the head of its first chapter, "The Church's Love Unto Christ," at the head of its second chapter, "The Mutual Love of Christ and His Church;" at the head of its third chapter, "The Church glorified in Christ"—and so on. The truth is, the book is a love poem; and these chapters no more refer to Christ or His church than they do to Gladstone and the British Constitution, or to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Canadian Government. The revised version recognizes these facts and replaces these misleading headings with others which describe the poem correctly. Similar corrections are made all through the Old Testament, wherever there is occasion for it. This is an important advance. The revised version leaves out by far the strongest passage in the Bible in support of the doctrine of the Trinity. I refer to I John 5:7. "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one." Everything else in the Bible which has ever been quoted in proof of the Trinity has been more or less questionable; but here is a passage which has been thought unequivocal and certain, a very rock. But now comes this revision, revised by a company of scholars, all but one of whom are Trinitarians, and throws the passage out as spurious. Why? Because they are simply compelled to. Not a single one of the best ancient manuscripts contains it. The evidence is overwhelming that it is an interpolation, and a very late one, made by some over-zealous and unscrupulous believer in the doctrine, more than

four centuries and probably more than five centuries after Christ. A text often quoted to prove the deity of Christ is I Timothy 3:16, "God was manifest in the flesh." But the revisers tell us that the word God rests on no sufficient ancient evidence, and they render the text, "He who was manifest in the flesh." Thus the passage can no longer be used to support the doctrine of Christ's deity.

In I John 3:16, the authorized version reads: "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." Here again the revisers leave out the word God. Thus the passage reads, "Hereby know we love, because He laid down His life for us." If in the old form it intimated that Jesus was God, certainly, in the new and true rendering it contains no such intimation.

In the revised version the word atonement no longer appears in the New Testament. The word predestination is gone. The word damnation is changed to judgment.

There are many other changes generally in the direction of a broader and more liberal theology. However, I do not care to stop to point them out. What interests me most is not any specific change here or there, and not any doctrinal teaching of this kind or that; but the great central fact of the revision itself—the evidence it gives that biblical scholarship is advancing; and the inspiring example that it sets before the world of a great body of scholars representing all the leading Christian denominations working together for many years in perfect harmony and with unfailing zeal and devotion to give to the people a better version of the Bible.

Let us not think, however, that the final goal is reached in this revised version, even in the last and much improved edition given out by the American Revision Committee in 1901. Something better still is needed. What do I mean? I mean that what we have is not a new translation, but a revision, and a revision can be only a compromise. What we want is a new translation, the best that the scholarship of the world can give us.

The committee of scholars who made the revision were wrought from the beginning by the rule laid upon them that no change could be made from the authorized version in any particular without the agreement of two-thirds of the committee. This rendering of certain that hundreds and hundreds of words and passages which ought to be changed, would not be, because, in a large and very conservative committee, a two-thirds vote could not be secured. Thus, as I said, the revision that we have is a compromise. It is far from being the best possible English rendering of the improved Hebrew and Greek texts now in our hands. The want still remains for a translation, the best that the scholarship of the world can give us.

I am not sure but that such a translation is now being made. Where? In what is popularly known as the Poly-chrome Bible. Some of you know the work. It is the joint enterprise of a large number of the leading biblical scholars of America, Great Britain, the continent of Europe, under the editorial direction of Professor Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. Half a dozen or more of the books of the Old Testament are already out. Persons desiring to examine it can find it in the Public Library. It is to comprise the whole Bible. It is based upon the most thoroughly revised Hebrew and Greek text, and it is a translation, which aims to turn the original, without compromise, into the best possible modern literary English. It is a work for scholars, but it is also a work for the people. When it is finished there will no longer be any excuse for anybody not making himself intelligent about the Bible.

Let us not think, however, that even this is the final goal. Scholarship also wants in connection with the Bible besides an adequate translation. We want carefully edited, abridged editions for general use. The Bible in its entirety is too large for the use of any but a few scholars and the occasional student. What proportion of the people ever read it through? Sunday schools jump about in it, and study small parts here and there, but are confused and baffled by the vast amount of matter which it contains. Ministers read only limited portions of it in their pulpits. Its very size makes it a discouraging book to those who would become acquainted with it. The character of much of its contents makes it still more discouraging. Many parts have no practical interest to the ordinary man or woman or child of to-day—for example, the long genealogies, the many and elaborate laws and regulations which we find in its pages concerning the priesthood, the sacrifices, clean and unclean animals, and religious rites and ceremonies; the accounts which it contains of cruel and bloody wars; many things in the prophetic books which were merely transient and local, and which to-day it is difficult for us to understand. Some parts of the Old Testament are morally objectionable; some parts are of such a nature that they cannot be read before a mixed audience. Some years ago George Francis Train was put into the Tombs Prison in New York for publishing, without note or comment, and circulating, certain portions of the Old Testament. Can any reasonable man doubt that such a book could be put to general use by judicious expositors? Has not the time come when we ought to set our scholars earnestly to the task of compiling editions of the Bible which shall contain the best of its history, the best of its literature, and the best of its moral and religious teaching, and which shall omit what is objectionable and outgrown? And then ought we not to place these everywhere in our pulpits, our Sunday schools, and our homes? It does any thoughtful person doubt that the result would be good in every way? Thus, we should purify our religious ideals. We should remove serious obstacles out of the path of the moral education of our children (for many things in the Old Testament are such obstacles). We should close the lips of skeptics, who now point (and it must be confessed, not without reason) to much that is in the Bible, and say with scorn: "So this is your perfect and infallible Word of God, is it?"

There is another important matter which ought to be thought about in this connection. Exactly such abridged and expurgated editions of the Bible as I am suggesting are what our missionaries ought everywhere to carry to the non-Christian peoples among whom they labor. All missionaries laboring among peoples of any considerable intelligence find that much in the Old Testament is a hindrance to their work. Thoughtful minds among the heathen are quick to recognize stories that are absurd, as that of the ass speaking, and equally quick to notice those that are coarse or brutal or morally low, as the accounts of the bloody wars found in the books of Joshua and

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REPORT OF DIRECTORS.

Presented at the Sixth Annual Meeting of Shareholders, held at the Head Office of the Company, McKinnon Building, Toronto, on Tuesday, the seventh day of February, 1905.

Your Directors have pleasure in presenting their sixth Annual Report and Financial Statement of the Company's business for the year ending 31st of December, 1904, as duly certified by the auditors.

The Premiums for the year ending 31st of December, 1904, less rebates for cancellations \$394,430 88
Interest on the Company's Investments 5,828 84

Total Income \$400,259 72
The Company's net income for the year 1904, after deducting all reinsurance, was \$310,986.50. Showing an increase of premium income on the underwriting account over the year 1903 of \$46,485.80.

The unadjusted losses at the 31st of December, 1904, amounted to only \$2,378.31, of which \$863.28 was covered by reinsurance, leaving a net loss of \$1,515.03.

The Company's net loss for the year amounts to \$316,204.06, including all unadjusted losses. You will note the very small amount of unadjusted and unpaid losses at the 31st of December. All claims against the Company have been promptly paid on adjustment. The large sum paid for losses is accounted for by the fact that the Company suffered by the Toronto Conflagration to the extent of \$166,230.02, exclusive of reinsurance. Although the loss in the Toronto Conflagration was very heavy, your Directors believe that the risks held by the Company over the burnt district were taken with proper care, and well distributed, and were such as would have been accepted by any Company doing business in Canada.

Excluding this heavy loss, the loss ratio for the year is only 40.20, which is a very low rate, considering that in addition to the Toronto Conflagration, the fire waste in Canada for 1904 was excessive. The Company still confines its business to the Dominion of Canada, although it has received many overtures to write surplus lines in foreign countries. During the year calls amounting to 30 per cent. were made on the stock of the Company, and we are pleased to say, were very promptly met. Your Directors cannot close this report without referring to the great loss we have sustained by the death of Mr. John J. Long, vice-president, who had acted in that capacity since the inception of the Company. The position of vice-president was filled by the election of Mr. John R. Barber. Your Directors all retire, but are eligible for re-election.

S. F. MCKINNON, President.

Financial Statement for the year ending 31st December, 1904:—

REVENUE ACCOUNT.	
Premium income for year \$496,395 54	
Less cancellation 41,958 16	
Fire losses for year \$314,689 00	
Fire losses under adjustment, 31st Dec. \$2,378 31	
Less reinsurance 863 28	1,515 03
Net loss \$316,204 06	
Paid for reinsurance 90,167 72	
Government, fees, licence, and taxes 6,200 50	
Commission and all other charges, and all books, stationery, etc. 90,232 43	
	\$510,833 80

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.	
Paid Dividend No. 3 (for 1903) \$ 7,438 27	
Written off Office Furniture and Goods' Map and sundry accounts 2,940 98	
Balance from Revenue Account, 1st Dec. 1903 110,579 58	
to 1904 12,023 77	
	\$182,982 60

ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock paid in \$217,085 00	
Sundry Accounts and for Reinsurance 403 68	
Losses under adjustment at 31st Dec., of which \$863.28 is reinsurance 2,378 31	
Balance at credit Profit and Loss Account 12,023 77	
	\$231,890 76
Cash on hand and in banks (Molson's Bank, Bank of Toronto, Union Bank, and Bank of Nova Scotia) \$ 60,762 51	
Bonds and Debentures deposited with Dominion Government 63,982 18	
Accrued interest on above 621 63	
Call Loans, Bank and other Stocks (market value \$84,471 31-100) 94,545 96	
Agents' balances 80,582 00	
Due from other Companies for Reinsurance 2,122 20	
Office Furniture, including Goods' Map 10,274 33	
	\$281,890 76

SECURITY FOR POLICY-HOLDERS.	
Subscribed Capital \$217,085 00	
Paid on Stock 236,515 00	
Balance to pay on Stock \$182,600 00	
Balance from Profit and Loss Account 12,023 77	
	\$194,623 77

ARMSTRONG DEAN, General Manager.

To the President, Directors and Shareholders of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company:—

Gentlemen:—We, the undersigned, having examined the vouchers, checked the bank balances, and audited the books of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company for the year ending 31st December, 1904, certify that we have found them correct, and that the annexed balance sheet is a true statement as at above date.

J. P. LANGLEY, F.C.A. } Auditors.
RICHARD LEE,
Toronto, Feb. 4th, 1905.
The retiring Board of Directors was re-elected, and R. W. Robertson, Esq., of Bramford, elected to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late John J. Long, Esq.

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Kings, and the tales about Samson in the book of Judges, and much else. A Bible with these objectionable parts left out would be much more readily received, and would have a much better influence. Ulfias, the great Unitarian missionary of the fourth century, who introduced Christianity among the Goths. When he came to translate the Bible into their language omitted the book of Kings. "These people love war too well already," he said; "why should I put into their hands, as word of God, books which will stimulate the warlike spirit still more?"

Bishop Coleso, when he translated the Bible into the language of the Zulus in South Africa, left out certain Old Testament books for the same reason. He dreaded their moral effect upon the Zulu people. It is a pity that missionaries generally do not exercise equal wisdom. It is a pity that missionary societies in publishing Bibles for use in non-Christian lands, are not wise and Christian enough to prepare abridged editions, containing all that is valuable and uplifting in the Bible, and leaving out those parts which will do no good, but only harm.

One thing more. After providing ourselves with the best translation of the Bible that scholarship can give, for the use of students and those who have time and inclination to study, the thirty-nine books of the Old Testament and the twenty-seven of the New in their complete form, and after having provided ourselves with carefully prepared abridged editions which keep all that is best and cast out what is questionable and outgrown, for use everywhere in our own land and for missionary use in foreign lands, then one further step we must take. We must open our eyes fully and once for all to the fact that God is not dead, that inspiration is not confined to Palestine or to times thousands of years ago, but that the Holy Spirit of Truth and Love is as much in the world to-day as in any past age, and that to all who will hear, the Divine Voice speaks as truly as it spoke to Isaiah or Paul or Jesus. The universal and the awful danger connected with all sacred books is that they tend to banish God into the past, and to create in men the impression that the only channel of the divine revelation is through the writings. Better all sacred books were burned than that they should thus make God an absentee, and dry up the fountains of present inspiration in human souls. We must understand that if much in the Bible is literature of inspiration, it is equally true that we have literature of inspiration to-day. We recognize this in our hymns. Time was when we thought we must sing in our public worship only Old Testament psalms. Now we sing hymns written in our own times, and find them no less uplifting, no less full of the power of the Holy Spirit, than the lyrics of ancient Israel. If present inspiration can give us hymns which we find true word of God, why can it not give word of God in other forms? The time is coming when, in our pulpits and at our lectures, side by side with God's Scriptures of the old time, we shall read also lessons from God's Scriptures of to-day—great living messages of truth and love, of hope and faith, of warning and cheer and moral power, from prophets of righteousness, whom God has sent to our modern world. Shame on us if we are such infidels that we can find no scriptures written this side of New Testament times when God has sent to our age such prophets and saints and inspired teachers as Frederick Robertson and Dean Stanley, and Phillips Brooks and Whittier, and Emerson, and Edward Everett Hale. We cannot believe too much in the inspiration of the past. But our greatest need is to believe in God's inspiration to-day, and to open our eyes and our souls to this:

"What art thou, That with thy Hol-volume's covers two Wouldst make a jail to coop the living God?"

Thou hear'st not well the mountain organ-tones By prophet ears from Hor and Sinai caught, Thinking the cisterns of these Hebrew brains Drew dry the springs of the All-Knower's thought.

God is not dumb that he should speak no more; If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness, And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.

There towers the mountain of the Voice no less, Which he who seeks shall find.

"Slowly the Bible of the race is writ, And not on paper leaves, nor leaves of stone; Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it.

Texts of despair or hope, of joy or mourn, While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud, While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud, Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit."

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SOCIETY
MRS. GEOFFREY BOYD, 167 Bloor street east, will not receive again this season.

Mrs. Arthur Steele and Miss Beatrice Steele sailed on Tuesday on the German Lloyd steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, for Germany.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on Tuesday at high noon at St. Paul's Church, Bloor street east, by the Rev. Canon Codv. between Mr. A. G. C. Dinick, and Miss Alice L. Benson, youngest daughter of the late William Benson. Mr. and Mrs. Dinick left on the 5:20 C.P.R. train for New York and will spend their honeymoon in Florida and the Bahama Islands.

Dr. Augusta Stowe-Gullen will address the Canadian Household Economic Association on the subject, *Woman as a Citizen*, in the theatre of the Normal School, on Tuesday afternoon, February 14, at three o'clock. This is the open meeting of the association, and all friends are very cordially invited.

The annual At Home of the West End Whist Club takes place next Wednesday evening, February 15, at Forum Hall. The patronesses are: Mrs. J. Gibson Watney, Mrs. D. A. Peacock, Mrs. A. I. Johnston, Miss Miller, Miss March, Miss E. Simmons, Mr. Alexander I. Johnston of 215 Delaware avenue is the secretary of the committee in charge of the dance, which should be one of the jolliest of the season.

Mrs. Arthur Forbes Barclay (née Sinclair) will receive for the first time since her marriage, at her mother's home, 112 Seaton street, on Monday afternoon, February 13. Mrs. J. Campbell Sinclair of Buffalo will receive with Mrs. Barclay.

Mrs. Harry B. Stirling, formerly Miss Mae Slaght, will receive for the first time since her marriage on the third and fourth Tuesdays of this month at 6 Pembroke street.

Rev. Egerton Ryerson returned from missionary work in Japan on the last Friday in January and is with his people in Cecil street for a holiday. Many pretty little souvenirs of his residence in the Flowery Kingdom have found their way to the hands of Toronto friends.

The Strolling Players' Club will have one of its leading spirits back again this afternoon. Mrs. Bickford was missed during her trip to the South.

Mr. Stanhope Williams of Stanley Barracks left last week for Port Hope. Mr. Tiffany Macklem, now a cadet of R.M.C., is spending a short while with his people in Rosedale.

Dinners, as usual, were on at the Hunt Club last Saturday, and plenty of snowshoes and ski luncheons are on at all the out-of-town resorts, which it is hoped will not be interfered with by a thaw.

Mrs. George Hamilton, formerly of Toronto, is achieving great success as a vocalist in Paris, where she recently sang at a concert and was greatly applauded.

A correspondent writes: "The 48th Highlanders' Sergeants' Mess first annual ball, held at McConkey's on Friday, February 3, was an unqualified success, and from a social point of view should replace the annual dinner usually given by the sergeants. The programme was somewhat different from most of the ball programmes of to-day, as it contained Scotch reels and Highland schottische danced to the skirl of the bagpipes. The grand march was another feature. The committee deserve great credit for the arrangements were complete in every respect. The committee were: Hospital-Sergeant Daniel Ross, chairman, Sergeant T. H. Banton, secretary, Sergeants Simpson, Roe, Latrimouille, Elliott and Armstrong. Among those present at the dance were: His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Miss Elise Clark, Colonel and Mrs. W. C. Macdonald, Major D. M. Robertson, Major and Mrs. Hendrie, Major Duncan Donald, Major Michie, Miss Michie, Captain Cosby, Miss Melvin-Jones, Captain Harbottle, Captain Brooks, Lieutenant Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Surgeon-Captain D. King Smith, Miss Smith, Sergeant-Major Kirkness, Mrs. Kirkness, Hospital-Sergeant Daniel Ross, Mrs. Ross, Miss Jackson, Color-Sergeant W. H. Grant, Mrs. Grant, Sergeant-Major Borland, Mrs. Borland, Sergeant-Major Brooker, Sergeant-Major Oxtoby and Mrs. Oxtoby of Brantford, Sergeant-Major Pilton, gist, of Hamilton, and Mrs. Pilton, Sergeant-Major Medhurst, Mrs. Medhurst, Miss Davis, Staff-Sergeant Parkhill, 13th Regiment, Hamilton; Staff-Sergeant Ryker, 19th Regiment, St. Catharines; Staff-Sergeant W. D. Davidson, Mrs. Davidson, Quartermaster-Sergeant Williams, Mrs. Williams, Staff-Sergeant F. W. Davidson, Mrs. Davidson, ex-Staff-Sergeant Dougald Henderson, Mrs. Henderson, Miss Henderson, Color-Sergeant Alex. Anderson, Mrs. Anderson, Color-Sergeant Roberts, Miss Roberts, Sergeant L. A. Elliott, Mrs. Elliott, Sergeant T. H. Banton, Mrs. Banton, Miss Perrin, Sergeant Latrimouille, Mrs. Latrimouille, Sergeant I. Smeal, Mr. Smeal, Miss Smeal, Sergeant K. Simpson, the Misses Simpson, Sergeant A. Sinclair, Miss Gladstone, Sergeant Roe, Sergeant Wilkinson, Sergeant Spears, Sergeant S. Brechin, Mrs. Brechin, Sergeant Johnston, Mrs. Johnston, Sergeant Darwin, Sergeant Cotterill, Staff-Sergeant Ross, Q.O.R.; Dr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Staff-Sergeant Andrews, A.M.C.; Q.M.S. MacDonald, R.G., Sergeant Smith, 9th F.B., Sergeant-Major, Schuch, T.L.H., Sergeant Livingstone, G.G.B.G., Misses Beatrice and Lillian Shand, Mr. Charles Michie, Dr. Sinclair,

Miss Meyers, Mr. F. Borsh, Mrs. Borsh, and others."

The laggards who have not yet secured their invitations for the Royal Canadian Yacht Club ball, now only a week and a half away, will do well to send in their applications immediately in order to save themselves from a disappointment. The Invitation Committee report that the lists are almost filled, and the prescribed limit of 500, which will be rigidly adhered to, will soon be reached. The Invitation Committee is the only one which has not completed its work. All arrangements have been made for catering, decoration, music and the many other details which go to make the ball a success.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Burton are now settled in their new house, 153 Roxborough street east. Mrs. Burton will receive on the second and fourth Mondays of each month.

Miss May Wheaton is in Berlin, the guest of Miss Knell.

Rev. W. A. Gustin, M.A. (who is well known in Toronto), rector of St. Mark's Church, Port Hope, sails to-day from New York on the *Arabic* for a three or four months' cruise in the Mediterranean, also visiting the Holy Land, Egypt, Spain, Italy and Greece, returning by way of England. Rev. J. S. Holah will take charge of St. Mark's during the rector's absence.

Mrs. May of Belleville is visiting Mrs. F. J. Roy, 21 Rusholme road.

Mrs. Scott-Raff, a very artistic woman and leader in elocutionary matters, gave what was aptly called a "twilight recital" in the newly completed oak-room of Mr. T. Eaton's handsome home in Lowther avenue. There was only the most subdued light, and the glow of firelight to illumine the room, and guests were shown to their seats by the Misses Eaton, daughters of Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, Miss Iris Burnside, Miss Greta Burden and little Dorothy Raff, who acted the part of ushers in a graceful and apt manner. The effect of the dim light room, the beautifully-rendered recitations, and the generally restful and peaceful atmosphere, was most delightful. The room is quite a triumph of artistic decoration, and everyone was charmed with the whole affair. One would have liked to slip quietly out into the winter evening from such a lovely hour, but the hospitable hostess had arranged a very bright and enticing tea to follow the readings and the company made their way into a brilliant, flower-sweet tea-room, where everything was arranged to tempt one to forget that such a meal as dinner ever existed.

Next Sunday evening Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., will deliver the seventh lecture on the Bible, subject, *True and False Methods of Interpretation*.

The tickets for the University College dance on February 16 will be on sale at H. H. Love's, 189 Yonge street, on Monday the 13th. Tickets, \$1.50, limited to three hundred.

Had to Go.

She was a young "American" girl, and she lived in a bleak Western city in days where there were no institutes for the treatment of rabies, save in France. Her life was ugly and monotonous, and one day she burst into a neighbor's house almost beside herself with joyous excitement. Her dark eyes flashed; her cheeks had a delicate rose flush. Panting a little, she cried in a tremulous voice: "Thank goodness, we are going to Paris at last! Dad has been bitten by a mad dog!"

Patient—Great Scott! Doctor, that's an awful bill for one week's treatment! Physician—My dear fellow, if you knew what an interesting case yours was, and how strongly I was tempted to let it go to a post-mortem, you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this."

Dick—Do you know anything about flirting? Tim—No. I thought I did when I tried it, but she married me.

Anglo-American Fire Insurance.

The shareholders of the Anglo-American Fire Insurance Company held their sixth annual meeting at the head office of the company, McKinnon Building, yesterday, when the report presented by the board showed that the company's net income for 1904, after deducting reinsurance, was \$310,086.50, showing an increase over the previous year of over \$16,000.00. The premiums received for the year ending December 31, 1904, amounted to \$304,430.38. The report is an excellent one and shows the very great care and thought that has been exercised over the affairs of the company by Mr. Armstrong Dean, the general manager, and the other officials of the company.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births

Bowles—Toronto Junction, Feb. 7. Mrs. George M. Bowles, a son.

Crajo—At Midland, Ont., Feb. 5, 1905. To Mrs. W. Dixon Craig, a daughter.

Frank—Guelph, Feb. 5. Mrs. Gregory A. Frank, a daughter.

Glassco—Hamilton, Feb. 4. Mrs. Gerald S. Glassco, a son.

Gundy—Toronto, Feb. 6. Mrs. J. H. Gundy, a son.

Roadright—Toronto, Feb. 3. Mrs. E. C. Roadright, a son.

Songer—Toronto, Jan. 28. Mrs. William Songer, a son.

Marriages

Clarke—McConnell—New York, Feb. 7. Tessie McConnell to Edward Clarke.

Mould—Butler—Mount Dennis, Feb. 7. Vera Butler to Albert Mould.

McCalla—Watt—Guelph, Feb. 1, Ma-



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Musicians can prove this for themselves by a personal examination, as many have already done. In this connection, a letter received from MR. J. D. A. TRIPP, the eminent piano virtuoso, and piano maestro, will be interesting:

Dear Mr. Gourlay—
This is the first opportunity I have had of writing to thank you for the use of the splendid instrument bearing your name and which I had the pleasure of playing on Monday evening last.

I have never played the Liszt *Liebestraum* on a more responsive instrument, the tone of which is simply delicious, and the mechanism all that can be desired, meeting readily all the demands made upon it by the pianist.

Congratulations, and the best of success to the "Gourlay." Faithfully yours,
J. D. A. TRIPP.

We invite your personal examination of the Gourlay.

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bel Macgregor Watt to George Bruce McCalla.

Deaths

Bourke—Toronto, Feb. 4. John Bourke, aged 51 years.

Carlyle—Toronto, Feb. 8. Mrs. William Carlyle, aged 82 years.

De Soyres—St. John, N.B., Feb. 2. Rev. John De Soyres, aged 55 years.

Hardie—Toronto, Feb. 2. George Hardie, aged 76 years.

Holbrook—Watford, Feb. 3. John Holbrook, aged 109 years.

Johnston—East Toronto, Feb. 6. Mrs. John W. Johnston.

Mansell—Cornwall, Feb. 4. R. A. Mansell, aged 58 years.

Newcombe—Toronto, Feb. 7. Octavius Newcombe, aged 57 years.

O'Grady—Hamilton, Feb. 5. John O'Grady, aged 68 years.

Pringle—Belleville, Feb. 3. Angus Pringle, aged 20 years.

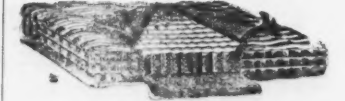
Pringle—Toronto, Feb. 5. Robert Rodrick Pringle.

Smith—Galt, Feb. 2. Rev. Dr. James K. Smith, aged 78 years.

Tyler—Toronto, Feb. 5. Thomas Tyler, aged 82 years.

West—Toronto, Feb. 7. Valentine Thomas West, aged 67 years.

Weir—Toronto, Feb. 8. Robert Archibald Weir.



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